The
FORUM
A Magazine for Thinking Americans

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Some Contributors to the March Forum

HARVEY D. GIBSON is the General Manager of the American Red Cross and one of the most prominent men behind that great organization of mercy. He was formerly President of the Liberty National Bank of New York.

SAMUEL GOMPERS is known throughout the world as a leader of men. He is President of the American Federation of Labor and is one of the most potent personalities in the labor situation.

WILLIAM A. BRADY'S name is familiar wherever motion pictures are shown—and that is almost everywhere. He is the President of the National Association of Motion Picture Industry, one of the most active exponents of "better pictures."

GUSTAVE HERVÉ is a foremost French socialist and political writer, the editor of La Victoire. He has had a great deal to do with controlling and moderating the era of socialism that swept over France following the outbreak of the war.

ACHMED ABDULLAH, the author of the exceptionally vigorous and dramatic short story of real life in the present issue, is one of America's foremost younger fiction writers.

GARDNER L. HARDING, author of "Present Day China," "Tsing-tao," etc., was formerly connected with the editorial staff of Everybody's Magazine and is now a Lieutenant in the United States service.

MAJOR MADAME SAINT CLAIRE STOBART is a woman who, as one of the medical corps in the historic retreat of Serbia before the invading Hun, was given the unique honor of a high army commission.

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C. COURTENAY SAVAGE is known to the readers of The FORUM through the book department which he leaves to institute a monthly comment on the Stage. Mr. Savage brings a keen appreciation of the stage and its people to this new department, obtained through his long association with theatrical life. He is also the author of many short stories.

CLINTON SCOLLARD'S poems are familiar to every reader, and endeared to all who appreciate especially the lyric quality of verse.

CHARLES FRANCIS REED, who, commencing with the March number of The FORUM, will prepare the monthly book department, is a well known writer on subjects of the day, especially those pertaining to books and authors.

* * *

The FORUM has been called upon to place its star in the service flag of the Nation, and while regretting the loss to the Magazine of its editor, The FORUM congratulates Mr. H. Thompson Rich that he has found himself a militant exponent of The FORUM'S vigorous policies. He has left for Camp Dix, to don the uniform of Uncle Sam.

His services have been of the highest order and of the most efficient nature, as not only the Board of Directors know, but the thousands of readers who have testified to the work he has done in the past year as editor of The FORUM.

We hope to have from his pen some most interesting articles from the field of action, wherever duty may call him.

THE EDITORS.

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The
FORUM
For March, 1918

HOWARD COFFIN AND THE WAR IN THE AIR

By EDWIN WILDMAN

A COLORED office-boy brought a bottle of milk into a busy office in Washington and selected a pile of important papers as the best place to deposit it. The man at the desk rescued the papers, absorbed the circular wet spot with a bit of blotting paper, opened a lower drawer of his desk, drew forth two bananas and a package of graham crackers, and proceeded to enjoy his luncheon without sacrificing any delay in his work.

He was Howard E. Coffin, Chairman of our National Aircraft Board and the man behind our coming war in the air. He was not attempting, by means of this frugal luncheon and the conservation of valuable time, to put aside for a rainy day a larger portion of his annual salary of one dollar. He was merely following his customary office routine of being "on the jump." With Mr. Coffin the "job," as he calls it, of Chairman of our Aircraft Board, means being at least nine-tenths of the whole Board—and no one denies this, least of all his fellow-members.

On April 6th, when we officially got into the "Big Fight," our Government possessed exactly one hundred and thirty-five aeroplanes. Not one of them was a fighting 'plane, pur-

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suit 'plane, bombing 'plane, or scouting 'plane. They were just ordinary 'planes—indeed, pitifully "ordinary" as compared with the 'planes of England, France, Italy and Germany. We had less than two thousand men in the aviation branch of our service. In a word we had practically nothing.

On the other hand, we possessed two most valuable assets, Howard E. Coffin and the knowledge that we must hustle to build up an immense aero service—a service greater and more efficient than any in Europe.

By the middle of February our first shipment of aeroplanes was on the way to France. By the time this is in print the first two or three shipments of 'planes will be "over there" and more will be on the way.

Last Summer our officials "hoped to be able to send the first lot over by July!" Being constantly "on the jump," Chairman Coffin was able to beat this schedule by five months!

Today we have nearly fifteen thousand men in the aviation service and in training, and our program (which calls for about twenty thousand—actual numbers are not to be stated at this time—aeroplanes by Summer) is going to be put through with such a rush that there will undoubtedly be many 'planes on the ground awaiting men to handle them, because we still need men for this service.

Just how many of the 'planes are already completed will not be announced at present by the few who know. But early in February Mr. Coffin, who is extremely cautious in all of his statements, did go so far as to say: "Our program is proceeding without a hitch." In fact, he was then five months ahead with the program as laid down by the Joint Army and Navy Committee.

This means much. Secretary of War Baker announced, on February 20th, that "The peak of production of our aeroplanes will be reached within a few weeks." This means that by next July, which was the earliest that Army and Navy officials believed we could get our first 'planes across, Chairman Coffin will have a thousand over there for every hundred they expected to be in readiness.

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A BIG SURPRISE IS COMING

What he has done cannot be summarized in a paragraph. It cannot be detailed in twenty volumes. To say that he is responsible for standardizing everything in his department, and that he conceived and helped to perfect the Liberty motor, is saying that he has probably achieved more than any other single man in the construction policy of our Government service since we got into the war. But, without much explanation, it is difficult to comprehend just how this can be.

Because some of our chronic carpers—who, like the poor, we " have with us always "—have howled and groaned and publicly wept, while declaring that we were criminally slow in this and that, including aeroplane production, it does not follow that it is true. It has not been to the advantage of our Country to tell just what has been done—but a big surprise is coming. All in good time the work of Mr. Coffin as Chairman of our Aircraft Board will be recognized as another of those miracles of American efficiency.

Many authorities have declared that the war would not be won in the trenches. And many others have declared, and still maintain, that supremacy in the air will mean ultimate supremacy in the war. In other words, the outcome of the war is, in all probability, to be determined by means of the most efficient air scouts and fighters. So far as our Government is concerned, it is Mr. Coffin who is behind America's war in the air.

A number of dreamers and writers have made a great clamor about our output of aeroplanes, setting the figures as high as one hundred thousand. Mr. Coffin says " No." He points out that it would take more than four million men to maintain a hundred thousand 'planes in active service. But when asked if we shall have the twenty thousand (or more) 'planes figured on by Summer, he replies by means of the statement that the " program is being carried out satisfactorily." Some have said that by the end of 1918 we shall have completed fifty thousand. Mr. Coffin is saying nothing about that, but he is working about sixteen hours a day and

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eating his graham-cracker luncheons as best he can while working.

"Most efficient man in the Government," is what they say about him in Washington, and elsewhere throughout the country, wherever they are acquainted with his dynamic energy, his practical knowledge of engines and his general business ability. It is not denied that there are a number of square pegs in round holes in various divisions of our Government war work, but the Chairman of the Aircraft Board is not that sort. He is the best fitting peg we have in any of the many important war-service holes in the country.

"If I heard Coffin talking in his sleep," remarked a Washington official not long ago, "I wouldn't take the trouble to go over and listen because I would know exactly what he would be saying. 'Standardize! Standardize! Standardize!' That's his motto, his slogan, his creed."

"If Coffin were too busy to see me and I had to get at him," said another Washington worker—a big inventor—"I'd just stick my mouth to the keyhole of his office door and shout 'Standardize!' and he'd come running, open the door and shout, 'Sure, I'll do it! What do you want to standardize?'"

It was Chairman Coffin's standardization that brought about the most powerful and wonderful and efficient engine in the world today, our far-famed Liberty motor. He didn't make it alone. That part is history—how for many days our most expert engineers got together and worked it out, how two hundred draftsmen made drawing after drawing, how every non-essential was cast away until finally, as a birthday present to our Nation, a Liberty motor was completed on the fourth day of last July. But Coffin had his finger in it, all of his fingers and both fists! It was his idea to make a standard motor, and then he standardized the 'plane it was to lift.

THE RISE OF EFFICIENCY

Ten years ago he began standardizing, while in the automobile industry. In 1910 he was made president of the National Society of Automobile Engineers and his work of

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standardization has played the major part in the remarkable development of the automobile industry, making possible tremendously increased production and lower-priced cars. It was his genius along these lines that led the Society of Automobile Engineers to designate him as one of two appointees to the Naval Consulting Board which was being formed by Secretary Daniels. He was made Chairman of Industrial Preparedness.

"It was one of our luckiest appointments," said Secretary Daniels.

Here was opportunity for Mr. Coffin to get busy with his "standardization" plans. To him there could be no industrial preparedness until we knew what we had to do with. "You've got to know how much gas there is in your tank before you can tell how far you can run," was his epigrammatic way of putting it. And so he started in to find out just how well prepared this country was, industrially. The result of this was his collection of detailed information as to capacity, special lines, possibilities of increase and all other details of more than three hundred thousand factories in the United States.

Mr. Coffin had them card-indexed. If our Government needs a thousand tin buckets or a million screws or a hundred derricks, or anything else, it is only necessary to turn to Mr. Coffin, who will run over his index and give the information. His next step was to arrange for the mobilization of these factories, as it were; that is, make every arrangement for the best utilization of any or all of their particular facilities when occasion demanded.

The result was that when war arrived and it came time to turn out Liberty motors and aeroplanes, the Chairman of our Aircraft Board named factory after factory in quick succession best qualified to do the work and today, in nearly a score of immense factories from New England to California, this work is being done.

In 1916 President Wilson appointed Mr. Coffin to the Council of National Defense. Later he was made head of the subsidiary Aircraft Production Board. By act of Con-

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gress in 1917 this subsidiary board was made a separate entity, known as the "Aircraft Board," for the purpose of "expanding and coordinating the industrial activities relating to aircraft or parts of aircraft and to facilitate, generally, the development of the air service." Mr. Coffin was made chairman of that board. That's his job today, a mighty big job, but he's a mighty big man for that particular job and America's war in the air is going to be a surprising success because of his work.

What we had in the way of aircraft at the beginning of the war—our beginning—has been mentioned, one hundred and thirty-five ordinary 'planes and a handful of men.

First of all Mr. Coffin visualized the situation. He is not a dreamer—there's a big difference between dreaming and practical vizualization.

"Where are we to fight with our aircraft?" was the natural question.

"In Europe, across three thousand miles of water," was the reply.

"Anyone," says Mr. Coffin, "may appreciate these difficulties. It is one thing to have your aircraft close to your factories so that supplies may be rushed and parts for repair easily procured. But to be three or four weeks or a couple of months away from such supplies when it is necessary to repair the 'plane within a few hours is too serious a condition to consider."

MR. COFFIN'S STUPENDOUS TASK

He knew the airplane field pretty well. He was acquainted with all sorts of engines. Some say the "E." of his middle name stands for "engine." He knew that the English and the French, as well as the Germans, had many types of 'planes. Each was vastly different from the other. Each had different engines. None of the parts were interchangeable. An engine from one 'plane would not properly lift and convey another make of plane. Obviously, we could not send our many makes over there and maintain supplies and repairs.

"We have got to make 'planes, not dozens, but thou-

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sands, and make them with all speed. We've got to turn them out faster than any layman would believe possible. Above all, we haven't a plane over here that can compete with any of the types now used in the war over in Europe," was the proposition put up to Mr. Coffin.

He was equal to it. He knew that it could be done. He solved the first problem with one word—"*Standardization!*"

"Not only that," declared the Chairman of our Aircraft Board, "not only have we got to do away with a dozen different makes and standardize our fighting aircraft, but we have got to make a 'plane that is better than any over there. Especially, it has got to be much better than any German 'plane."

And then began his hard work. Congress appropriated $640,000,000. (A billion more is soon to be appropriated.) Various types were investigated. To Mr. Coffin they were all wrong, so far as we, three thousand miles from the firing line, were concerned.

To merely copy the English and French types would not be improving the fighting 'plane, and they were having a difficult enough time if it, as it was, to supply their own repairs. We could not use their shops. We would have to make special tools and build special plants to do that. It was out of the question.

Hundred horsepower engines were about the best we had. The Allies were using engines that developed as high as two hundred and eighty horsepower. We must beat that!

"There was no reason why we could not excel in aircraft," was the way Mr. Coffin looked at it. He knew our technical and mechanical equipment was the best in the world. He had full faith in our skilled designers of engines and, since it was an American who invented the heavier-than-air flying machine, he could see no possible excuse for this Country to fall down, now that the great test had come.

Of greatest importance is the war in the air. No one understood that better than Mr. Coffin, and no one will know just how hard he worked, or of the various engines he examined, or how he went into every detail of aeroplane construction. Foreign engines—even if they were made over here—

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could not be produced until well into 1918. And, as the engine was the heart of the aircraft, that was attended to first. All the world now knows something of the history of our Liberty motor, unquestionably the greatest engine in the world. It is the strongest, most powerful and simplest engine today.

THE AMERICAN AEROPLANE

Mr. Coffin is a builder of gasoline engines. He knows them from A to Z. He built his first gas engine twenty-one years ago. Two years later he completed a steam motor car. And from that time on he not only kept pace with engine construction, but generally he kept many paces ahead. And so when the Government gave these skilled men every assistance Mr. Coffin knew just what ought to be done. As fast as the engine-makers, locked up in that hotel room in Washington—Mr. Coffin was one of them—designed a new part, skilled draftsmen made drawings and these were rushed off to various factories and the parts made. Some were good, some were eliminated. Finally, after twenty-eight days of this work, the first step was completed. Then the first engine turned out, then many more and the tests and more tests, until finally the twelve-cylinder Liberty motor of today was perfected. Mammoth factories all over the country are turning it out—in parts.

It is absolutely interchangeable. Piston rings may be made in California and cylinders in Connecticut and other parts in other states, and when they are assembled the perfect engine is there, running true to form—champion of them all.

"Now what's the best type of 'plane for them to carry?" was Coffin's next question. And he found out. It took study, but it was solved. So he standardized the 'planes as well as the engines. Wires from one factory, struts from another, the spruce pieces from one shop, canvas from another, all shipped to one of the big assembling plants, put together—motor installed, test made—perfection, without fail!

Not long ago these new war 'planes were ready for packing and shipping and now they are "going over." They are

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going in greater quantities than Washington cares to make public, and they will continue to go over while our army of air fighters is being constantly enlarged, is constantly training in this country, Canada, England, France, Italy and even in distant Egypt.

It was difficult to get enough spruce—the very best wood for the 'planes. Regiments of men who know woodcraft were made up from our enlisted men and sent into the woods to cut trees. Only the best grains can be used. A knot, a gnarly place, a whorl in the grain may mean an aviator's life. Ordinarily, it takes a year to properly season spruce wood. That wouldn't do, so artificial means were found and it can be seasoned in a couple of months or less today.

Castor oil is the best for planes because it is not affected by the cold of high altitudes. Most of it came from Spain and other countries abroad. Ships were not always available, and so castor beans were planted in the South and a supply is insured. That's but another phase of Mr. Coffin's "standardization," his constant and untiring effort to help us to be preeminent in the coming great war in the air.

Last December some one started the cry, "We must speed up in aviation!" It was taken up by the press and by many carpers. Editorials were written about it. A New York newspaper solemnly warned Washington that "Making haste slowly will not win the war. We are falling behind in our aeroplane production." An American writer in France wrote a hysterical article, giving the impression that he was announcing a dire calamity when he stated that "It is now December and not a single American aeroplane has arrived in France!"

What would these writers and carpers have thought had they known that our Joint Army and Navy Committee "hoped to get our first 'planes in France by July, 1918?" At that time Washington was not ready to make public just what was going on in regard to aeroplane construction. Official news of the great Liberty motor had been given out, but no inkling of how the Chairman of our Aircraft Board was having them turned out by wholesale in various big

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plants—in many giant automobile plants and elsewhere. Nor was much made public then about the mammoth assembling plants, where the 'planes were being set up.

SPEEDING UP

In January of this year Mr. Coffin made a statement for the public, in which he said:

"The production of standardized training machines, approved by the Joint Army and Navy Committee, will be in excess of the needs of the program of January 20.

"In regard to providing, equipping and training fliers and mechanics in accordance with a schedule recommended by the Joint Army and Navy Technical Committee, I can say that this program is progressing exactly on schedule. The training of fliers and mechanics is provided for in this and allied countries. Thousands of mechanics are being put into actual service with the allied forces. American fliers are in training in the United States and abroad and it is probable that the original program for pilots will be increased.

"Raw and semi-finished materials and finished parts, including motors, to insure the consummation of the augmented allied aircraft building programs, have been and continue to be supplied."

The program preparing for our part in the war in the air was arranged with the hearty approval of our Allies. They knew what was needed, they knew how much of our help they must have and our program included even more than they called for. And when Mr. Coffin says "We are doing even more than living up to this program," it is safe to assume that there is no call for adverse comment or for complaining of what our Aircraft Board is doing, or for any cry to "Speed up in aviation."

We have speeded up beyond all expectations and we are continuing to speed up. As time goes by we speed up in our output and at the same time turn out even better motors and 'planes.

The trouble with those who howled about our lack of speed in aeroplane production was that they didn't under-

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stand the situation. They failed to see why Chairman Coffin couldn't build our fighting 'planes and ship them to France without a moment's delay. The Liberty motor was perfected in July, and they felt that by December many 'planes should have been completed and gone over.

Many 'planes *were* completed, but not sent across. These kickers did not stop to think that, first of all, must come the training 'planes. These are smaller and lighter than the 'planes used in warfare. They are absolutely necessary. Chairman Coffin knew that, first of all, we should get the men and train them, else our 'planes would be of no value. So the training 'planes were first turned out, enough to start the training. There had to be one training 'plane, with a spare engine, for every pilot who was to reach the front.

Some day—and that day is not many months distant, the number of United States fighting aeroplanes in action at the front will surprise the world. The total 'planes of any of the fighting nations will be but a handful as compared to our supply. At no time has either England, France or Germany had more than two thousand five hundred 'planes at the front.

Our needs now are mostly for men and more men. For every 'plane in the air there must be two complete reserve 'planes and forty-three men on the ground! The volunteering of skilled mechanics to remain on the ground is being urged. The response is encouraging. It seems to the layman almost a waste of man-power to have forty-three men on the ground for every 'plane fighting in the air, but it should be known that every engine and every 'plane must be carefully overhauled and tested out after every flight. No one knows what might happen to an aviator if he started out on a second trip without having the 'plane, engine and all tested and overhauled, and if it is discovered that he has been given such a 'plane all the mechanicians responsible are court-martialed and severely punished. The life of an engine, at best, is not more than two months. All of these extra men are needed. Every 'plane and engine must be overhauled after seventy-five hours, whether or not it has been used.

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HIS RECORD FOR EFFICIENCY

It is Mr. Coffin's genius for organization of industrial forces, his penchant for standardization, that has made possible the unifying of the many branches of aircraft construction. It was his idea for a universal motor better than any other; it was his idea to reduce the types of 'planes and engines in use at the front to the smallest possible number and to standardize the parts, so that a twelve-cylinder Liberty motor, if disabled on the Somme front, say, would not have to wait until some one had gone back to Detroit or to the Liberty motor agency in Paris, to get the necessary broken parts, but could be instantly supplied from the nearest motor in the field!

And the Chairman of the Aircraft Board has had able assistance from his fellow-members of that board. They are: Richard F. Howe, President of the Aircraft Board; Maj. Gen. George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the Army; Col. R. L. Montgomery, Col. E. A. Deeds, Rear Admiral D. W. Taylor, Lieut. Commander A. K. Takins and Capt. N. E. Irwin.

Howard Earl Coffin was born on a farm in Ohio in 1873. His family was established here by Tristram Coffyn in 1642 on Nantucket Island. His mother was of the John Jay family, that doughty old Revolutionary statesman. He studied in the engineering department of the University of Michigan, went into practical engineering work and later was connected with several automobile concerns in the engineering departments, became vice-president and consulting engineer of the Chalmers-Detroit Company and later, with others, founded the Hudson Motor Car Company, in 1909. It was the next year that he became president of the National Society of Automobile Engineers, so that by the time he was called upon in our national preparedness work to classify our manufacturing resources, he was eminently fitted to do so and turn this important work over for the benefit of our Government—a benefit that cannot be overrated.

As Chairman of our Aircraft Board, Howard E. Coffin is *the* man behind our war in the air.

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THE RED CROSS UNDER FIRE

By HARVEY D. GIBSON
[GENERAL MANAGER OF THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS]

The comprehensive scope of the American National Red Cross in Europe is hardly realized by the public. In this article Mr. Gibson explains what the Red Cross is doing and its broad reach across the war zones to succor the sufferers of war-bled mankind behind the firing line.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN the War Council of the American National Red Cross had received a pledge from the American people of a contribution for the cause of over $100,000,000, its responsibilities shaped themselves into confronting the vital issues of practical aid. It was impossible to separate the offices of the American National Red Cross from the sentiment of its being, from the merciful potentialities, the great purposes that had stimulated the growth of all that the Red Cross flag has represented. The War Council realized the greater opportunity that this power of sentiment could enjoy in the work of restoring the wounds of Europe, inflicted by the most tragic war the world has ever known.

The mutilations of battle, the torn flesh of the men at the front, grievously in need of first aid as they were, did not seem to represent the entire duties of the American National Red Cross. There were other wounds to care for, besides these. There were great numbers mentally and physically stunned by the impact of war. There was evidence of widespread infant mortality among the children newly born since the great disaster. There were vast territories scarred with the brutalities and needless destruction of the enemy. There were crowds of refugees, of helpless civilians whose wounds could only be healed by a practical friendliness, a helpful system of assistance, by which their courage and their instinct of independence could be gradually restored to an active future.

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It was not a problem of economics that concerned the duties of the Red Cross, so much as it was an application of common humanity, an antiseptic of feeling and purpose that alone could stifle the pain of those whose fate it was to hover on the outskirts, within sight and sound of the horror in which the nations found themselves, in face of a ruthless enemy. It was not so difficult to find out the Red Cross problems in Europe, as it was to decide how to co-ordinate them, how to adjust the numerous relief systems existing before we came. A great deal of wonderful work had already been done by various relief organizations for various endeavors, before the United States declared war. American neutrality, before the Declaration of War however, had not been indifferent to the suffering of the warring nations. An exact calculation of the amount of money and material help supplied them by American organizations and individuals, would equal perhaps the total supplied by the European aids since the war began.

From the time the War Council became a financial and executive advisory board, compelled to study the needs and opportunities of the American National Red Cross, there seemed to be many things to be done that had been left undone because of the nearness of the afflicted to the actual scenes of war. The great countries of the world—France, Russia, Italy, and the smaller countries, such as Serbia, Roumania, Armenia—were benumbed by the shock, stunned in the reverberations of war thunder. Food, clothing, even nursing had been thought of and had been supplied to the large populations of these countries who were not themselves actually fighting. It seemed to us that there had been an inadvertent neglect, however, of conditions that we in America could see better, because of our further perspective. They were not the actual conditions that might confront the army surgeon, the hospital nurse, the ambulance driver, but they were none the less vital to the ultimate rehabilitation of national strength on that account.

Bodily wounds are not the most fatal; it is the wounds that affect the stability of character, the dignity of personal

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independence, the strength of national progress, that are very urgently in need of proper care and attention. In a general way there was ample proof that the whole progress of European character, especially in those countries named, was being torn and disrupted. From such conditions the strength of these nations was being sapped at the very heart of their national strength. Economic discouragement, personal privations, hopelessness of outlook had been undermining their national courage, strength and ambition. While in some cases the formalities of their governments continued, the formalities of their individual lives were becoming inert in the black shadows of war. It was a delicate problem, but one very forcibly confronting us. It was a problem that no degree of charitable approach could solve. It was not a problem for charity; that would have been offensive in the very nature of the problem itself. It was not a problem for a too obvious sympathy. That too would have been offensive to the hundreds of thousands fighting silently for their price. We in America were conscious that these special wounds of the civilians and non-combatant populations of Europe required a special degree of help, a new application of healing process.

Our first duty was organization. We realized that we must have before us an intelligent and accurate report of the actual wounds themselves, before we would be in a logical position to apply the system by which we might heal them intelligently. This information we secured by sending special commissions to Europe composed of men who understood the delicacy of the problems which they were expected to unravel. They were chiefly men who made personal and material sacrifices for the sake of an opportunity to demonstrate their faith in the idea. It was really surprising to find, in spite of the fact that Americans are regarded as a nation of money makers, that there were so many American men anxious to demonstrate, at their own cost, the ideals of the European problem. Their names are on record and their work has been unselfishly distinguished. They have all contributed greatly to the information which the War Coun-

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cil of the American National Red Cross demanded, and the work which was accomplished by these commissions, in probing the wounds of the civilian population of our Allies, was perhaps the most difficult and the most expertly done. The needs for work among the armies of our Allies is still vast. No definite plans can at this moment be made out, because complete first-hand reports of what is practicable for the Red Cross to do are still coming in. We are overwhelmed with a knowledge of the needs. We are daily facing the problem of how to meet them practicably.

The five commissions made up of representative Americans skilled not only in medical and surgical work but in business administration have conducted important obligations with unique efficiency. The first of these commissions, organized immediately after the appointment of the War Council, was sent to France. It required no perspicuity to see that France had suffered beyond description. In spite of tremendous patriotism and success towards raising a huge American army, it was obvious that no great American military effort could be felt in France for many months to come. It seemed as though the chief obligations of the Red Cross in the immediate needs of France must consist of organized assistance, not so much to the military forces as to the French people themselves, who were actually in great need. Their distress involved upon us not only an undertaking of the greatest mercy, but it gave us the opportunity to do the most effective work that the American people so generously wished to do, to strengthen the courage, to invigorate the morale, to heal the wounds not only of the French army but of the whole French nation in this critical period.

While the French people were waiting for the coming of the American army, there was definite work for the Red Cross to accomplish in the interim. There was a real contribution to be made, not only towards the actual relief of distress in France, but towards curtailing the war. If we regard this obvious feature of the many services which the Red Cross must perform for our Allies on no other basis than a purely practical one, all the assistance we can render to

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France at once, whether in healing the wounds of the sick, or healing the wounds of the destitute, enables us to reduce the menace of disaster to the American army in France.

For this reason the headquarters of the American Red Cross in Europe is established in France. Before the full strength of the American army can get to France in force, the American Red Cross is doing the advance work there. Its purposes are to see that both the French army and the French people must realize and understand that the great heart of the American people is with them. There is no better way to convey the impulses of the heart than in deeds of mercy and practicability. Behind the appropriations of over $13,000,000 the War Council has thus far made for the work in France, has been that thought. In fact, the entire policy of the Red Cross organization is based upon that obligation and privilege.

Briefly, after a careful examination of the whole situation in France by the Red Cross commission, these were the policies decided upon:

1. To establish and maintain hospitals, as may be deemed necessary, for soldiers in the American Army in France.

2. To establish and maintain canteens, rest houses, recreation huts and other means of supplying the American soldiers with such comforts and recreations as the Army authorities may approve.

3. To establish and maintain, in France, canteens, rest houses, recreation huts and other means of supplying comforts and recreation for the soldiers in the armies of our Allies.

4. To distribute hospital equipment and supplies of all kinds to military hospitals for soldiers of the American or allied armies.

5. To engage in civilian relief, including:

a—The care and education of destitute children.
b—Care of mutilated soldiers.
c—Care of sick and disabled soldiers.
d—Relief work in the devastated areas of France and Belgium, such as furnishing, to the inhabitants of these districts, agricultural implements, household goods, foods, clothing and such temporary shelter as will enable them to return to their homes.
e—To provide relief for and guard against the increase of tuberculosis.

6. To furnish relief for soldiers and civilians held as prisoners by the enemy, and to give assistance to such civilians as are returned

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to France from time to time from the parts of Belgium and of France held by the enemy.

7. To supply financial assistance to committees, societies or individuals allied with the American Red Cross and carrying on relief work in Europe.

These are merely the sign-posts pointing the difficult roads which the American National Red Cross has undertaken to follow. The obligations proposed, and in some cases already operating, dealing with the relief work among the civilian populations, is a unique and far-reaching undertaking. To offer the destitute and distressed inhabitants of the devastated areas of France and Belgium money would be an offense to the splendid pride with which they have endured the penalty of war. It is the healing of these wounds, which have oppressed the stability of national character, that required the most careful treatment. There is a convalescent period that follows every wound, a period of restoration when violated nature fights for normal reconstruction. The treatment of convalescence is quite as important as the first aid treatment. We decided that this object of restoring the stunned nations of Europe to a realization that the scars of war were curable, must be done surreptitiously. It affected such vital resources of character that unless the restoration work were done without an obvious sympathy, but with a practical demonstration of good will, we should defeat our own purposes. Therefore, we hit upon the plan of supplying these wounded civilians of the distressed districts of France and Belgium with the practical sinews of individual strength. We decided to furnish the inhabitants with the immediate necessities knowing that in the possession of such sinews they would be restored to economic independence. We started a healing process of character by helping them to establish new homes for themselves, in restoring the old homes, to acquire the feeling of health and strength in the land that belonged to them. There is no sentiment in the purposes of world democracy more important to the restoration of the nations in Europe than the preservation of the feeling that their own land belongs to them.

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The infant welfare of France is obviously one of the most important features of national restoration. Before the war, the birth rate and death rates in France were so nearly equal that great concern was expressed in France over the future of the national life. After three years of the war, the birth rate was officially estimated at only eight per thousand. The loss in population in 1916 was nearly two per cent of the whole. In the second year of the war, ending August 1st, 1915, the birth rate of France was reduced one half. Because of the need for effective work among children, the Red Cross organized and sent to France an infant welfare unit. It is composed of nurses and doctors assigned to special work with mothers and children. They are specialists surveying the situation, studying the work already so well started beforehand by the French. They are receiving no compensation for their practice among the people. Besides co-operating with French specialists, the task before the Red Cross in this matter consists of conducting a general educational campaign among French mothers in the interest of better prenatal hygiene and the scientific feeding and care of babies. In the City of Toul a temporary children's shelter has been established. This is a section of the war zone recently bombarded by the enemy. While the French government has properly recognized the importance of child welfare work since the war, the American Red Cross has liberally cooperated with them in the work of supplying doctors, nurses, administrative officers and by installing sanitary apparatus. In this temporary children's shelter will be housed very soon probably over a thousand children rendered homeless by the war. They will be cared for there as long as the conditions keep them away from their homes. This work unquestionably belongs to the character of national restoration.

The relief of refugees destitute in France is part of the problem of national restoration. Repatriated Frenchmen from the occupied regions of France are being brought to France at an average of a thousand a day. Large numbers come to Paris. The American Red Cross plans to be able to take care temporarily of these returning populations, to aid

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in clothing, feeding and housing any number of them from five thousand to a hundred thousand. The proper care of these crushed human beings, who have endured disastrous treatment as prisoners in Germany, all tends to restore the national character of France.

The relief of sick and disabled French soldiers who have been discharged from the army because of their wounds or physical disability due to exposure in the trenches is another phase of the work which can be done by the American Red Cross in the interest of national restoration. These men are usually entirely deprived of any earning power. Their families need prompt assistance, sometimes they require relief indefinitely. The discharged soldier loses his uniform, and frequently these men have not money with which to buy clothes. The American Red Cross gives temporary relief to the man until he finds employment, and permanent relief to the unemployable. Everything that the Red Cross can accomplish for the human re-endowment of the victims of war in France, is being done, but it is not the policy of the War Council to rebuild the villages of France that have been destroyed by the enemy. It is our hope and our purpose, however, to give a new start in life to a large number of people who have been left destitute by the ravages of the German army.

But, to solve the economic problem of making it possible for this helplessly idle population to re-establish themselves by their usual forms of labor necessitates that they be provided with some form of habitation. This in itself is a big financial burden, and the Red Cross, seeking to solve it, has appropriated $403,090 for a provisional experiment in that direction. Under this plan the Red Cross proposes to reconstitute sixty families in each of four villages in France, each family consisting of five persons, including in some cases persons not actually members of the family. There will be a total of three hundred persons per village, and of twelve hundred persons for the entire enterprise. The fundamental purpose of the Red Cross in doing this, is to help these people help themselves. As an experiment successfully carried out

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it will be an example of encouragement and aid to a great many beyond those immediately affected.

In all this work of rehabilitation in France, the Red Cross has always favored co-operation with allied organizations conducting relief work on the same bases of economic restoration for the afflicted parts of the French people. Chief among the Allies with whom the Red Cross has been in hearty accord is the American Friends National Committee. As a preparatory step to practical service, it has organized, and is training the American Friend's Reconstructing Unit of one hundred men at Haverford, Pennsylvania. This unit went into training about the middle of July under a corps of practical instructors, including six native French teachers. The training includes instruction in the mending of roads, the building of portable houses, first aid, the operation of automobiles, bricklaying and carpentry, and the French language. These one hundred trained workers will go to France, to work altogether with the civil population in devastated areas. The members of this unit will wear the Red Cross uniform. Although the FRIENDS who are enlisted in this work are conscientious objectors to war, they will be a powerful factor in remedying the evil of war.

So far, it has been the policy of the War Council to concentrate immediate Red Cross relief in France, but already it has taken hold of the problem of national restoration in Russia.

The initial step there has been to do something practical to hearten afflicted Russia. When the American Red Cross commission went to Russia, it carried with it three carloads of medical supplies and surgical instruments. These were to supplement the needs of existing hospital institutions and Red Cross organizations already operating in Russia. The report of the commission to Russia foreshadows certain plans which the American Red Cross will endeavor to carry out. The most serious problem confronting immediate probabilities in Russia, entirely apart from the political upheaval, is the need of food, clothing and footwear for its torn population. There has been actual mortality in Russia

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from starvation as a result of this war. If we are to defend ourselves against the often discussed inference, the intangible fear that Russia may make a separate peace with Germany, it must be done by supplying the Russian army and the Russion people in the North with food.

The Red Cross awaits more definite advice as to how it may serve the cause of the Russian people.

Next to Belgium and France, the chief center of the American relief work abroad has been in Serbia. With the aid of the Rockefeller foundation the Red Cross undertook the battle in Serbia against typhus. The problem for the National Restoration of Serbia which confronted the Red Cross commission sent there, has been acknowledged as one of the most formidable in Europe. There is hardly a family in Serbia that has not been rendered homeless, and scarcely a family that has not lost someone on the battlefield. The national losses of Serbia during the past two years cannot be estimated. Beginning with an army of near half a million, it is estimated that over 150,000 men have been taken prisoners by the Central Powers and are suffering malnutrition in prison camps. Many thousands have been lost in the retreat through Albania. Of the army of 100,000 now on the Saloniki front, about 60,000 are actual fighting men.

The entire civilian population of Serbia has been driven regardlessly over the face of Europe. 150,000 destitute and fatherless families are facing poverty and famine in various alien countries of Europe. They are refugees in Russia, Rumania, Greece, Italy, France and Switzerland.

By special appropriations for relief in the Near-East, to co-operate with relief agencies already in the war zone, the American Red Cross is confirming its policy of national restoration in Europe. The situation there is very serious. There are two billion people in Western Asia whose death can be prevented only by direct and continued help from the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. These people have been exiled from their homes to places where self support is impossible. From one town alone the request has been made to aid 10,000 fatherless children. A

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report from an American Consul in another district states that there are 40,000 orphans. In this entire field it is estimated that the orphaned children run into hundreds of thousands. While it is true that the larger part of American Committee of Relief has been given to Christians, this has not been because they have been Christians, but because they were residing under Moslem rule and therefore were the first to suffer.

Nearly a million Armenians were massacred or driven to death in 1915, and the remainder of the race within Turkish dominion were deported into the desert where self support was impossible. Over 500,000 Greeks shared the same fate.

In this statement only the policies of the War Council dealing with the restoration of nations in the war zone of Europe have been considered. The opportunity to demonstrate the President's stand for a World Democracy which the American National Red Cross, by every effort of its own and the liberal support of the American people, has not been neglected in this unique and tragic moment of the world's history.

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HOW KIEL CAN BE PENETRATED

By A HIGH AUTHORITY

To destroy the German Gibraltar would be to strike a death blow at the Teuton's hope of sea domination. Can it be done, and how? Why has the British fleet not been able to penetrate Kiel? Is the submarine conquerable? These and other vital naval questions are here carefully discussed by a high authority, whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be used.—THE EDITOR.

BEFORE the war, sea-power seemed to the average layman the vital factor in a nation's offensive and defensive strength. For nearly a generation the experts on war matters in America had ceaselessly emphasized the paramount necessity of developing the naval arm of our military establishment, and the statistics of the comparative effectiveness of the British, German, Japanese and French navies were as familiar as such things can ever be. We knew that Great Britain had long ago adopted and adhered still to a policy of maintaining a navy to exceed in strength the combined sea forces of any two other powerful nations; we knew that, in Germany, Emperor and advisers constantly harped on the necessity of keeping up the naval strength. Ever since the war, Germany's insistence on her slogan of "Freedom of the Seas" has kept the idea of the great importance of naval strength constantly before us. Somehow Great Britain's naval strength has seemed of paramount importance.

Yet the war has been almost altogether a land war. With the exception of unimportant engagements in the Pacific, Weddigen's feat of sinking the British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue, the German raids on Hartlepool and Scarsdale, there have been but three naval engagements —that in which the Germans were victorious, in the early days of the war, off Chile, the British victory and revenge in the battle of the Falkland Islands, and the great fight off Jut-

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land, loudly proclaimed by the German Emperor himself as a great victory but in the light of later information a German victory only in the sense that the ship that lives to run away may live to fight another day. The British chased the German High Seas Fleet back to the shelter of Heligoland Bight, the outer defense of the German safe harbors of Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, but did not follow them.

Otherwise, navies have not played a prominent part in the struggle. That Great Britain has transported great armies, not only across the Channel, but to Salonica, Arabia, and Egypt in comparative safety, the layman realizes is due to the efficiency of the British navy; that we have transported or are transporting a huge army to France with impunity we know to be due to our own navy operating in European waters. But the spectacular features which landsmen crave in naval warfare have been totally lacking. And the submarine remains. Sinkings by submarine have fallen from 55 major ships in the week ending April 21, 1917, to 15 in the week ending February 15, 1918. But after thirty weeks of warfare against them, the fact that the German sea pirates are able to reap a toll of even 15 ships does not serve to reassure the layman as to the fact that the menace is under control, or to confirm his fond belief in the efficacy of navies.

WHY HAS NOT THE BRITISH WIPED OUT THE GERMAN FLEET?

Why has not the British fleet wiped out the German fleet? Why does not the British fleet go to Kiel if the German fleet will not come out? Why is it that the Germans can maintain their submarine nest at Zeebrugge? Why is it that the British navy has not been able to stop submarine activities?

These are the questions that recur with dull persistence to the mind of the layman and that, propounded with due humility to the expert, produce as many answers as there are experts. And the sum of all the answers is bafflingly inconclusive. Yet they can be answered with perfect frankness and without loss of prestige.

The British fleet has not wiped out the German fleet be-

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cause the German fleet has not shown any disposition to put respective naval strengths to that test. Great Britain has more ships than Germany. So far as we know, she could afford to lose more, and Germany knows that she is overmatched. Hence, the enemy has chosen to remain in Kiel, to venture out only for sporadic raids, and early in the war seemed to have determined on a policy of submarine attrition. Weddigen's exploit as an unrepeated instance. Since that time the enemy seems to have preferred to attack merchant ships and imperil Britain's food supply, leaving to Great Britain the very expensive and rather empty task of policing the North Sea. Germany says to Great Britain, "You have the finest navy on earth. Why don't you do something?" and tauntingly waits behind Heligoland Bight for England to come in and lick her, as the schoolboys say. So far, that is purely a matter of psychology.

The British fleet has not gone in after the German fleet, in plain English, because the British do not dare to. It isn't cowardice, but plain common sense. The reason can be summed up in one word, "Mines." For a radius of possibly one hundred miles the Germans have sown the North Sea approaches to Heligoland with mines, the most devilishly ingenious contraptions that have ever been devised. They have all kinds and they have scattered them lavishly. They float along eight or ten feet, or even deeper, below the surface; from their smooth sides project little horns; a touch on one of these horns suffices to explode them, and to blow any ship that touches them into a watery grave. The North Sea is a huge mine field, with secret and tortuous channels whence the raiders creep through. Not content with this, the Germans have let loose a lot of floating mines and Great Britain is employing hundreds of small craft that are daily sweeping the seas to gather up these deadly missiles. When Farragut damned the torpedoes, the event justified his profanity. If any admiral were to damn the North Sea mine fields, the event, if he survived, would justify his incarceration in the securest madhouse known to man. The British don't go into Kiel because they cannot, and the Germans know they cannot.

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MINES, THE ANSWER TO ZEEBRUGGE

"Mines" is also the answer in regard to Zeebrugge, mines and the fact that any ship which escaped the mines would have an exceedingly lively time with the nest of submarines lurking behind the mines. The submarines are indifferent to mines, they can sail under them, they can see them and avoid them; they know where they are. As for fighting submarines with submarines, as has been suggested from time to time, the war has proved that to be an impossibility. The only underwater weapon that a submarine has is a torpedo; the torpedo, after launching, shoots up toward the surface and maintains its course at about eight to ten feet below the surface. A submarine that was caught napping in the path of a torpedo could dive.

Ramming is the only offensive for submarines against submarines and ramming means death to the enemy and suicide to the hostile. The hostile could undoubtedly put the enemy out of business, but the collision would burst his own plates and both would die together and not, from the military point of view, effectively. Military strategy consists in killing as many of the enemy with as few losses to yourself as possible. To give man for man is merely to enter a contest as to which will last the longest. The Germans can build submarines, according to information, as rapidly as we can, so there is not much use in killing our own men uselessly. A fighting man's life is very precious to his country; a submarine man's life is even more so, because submarine crews are picked men. So there is little prospect of submarine against submarine.

As for the removal of the submarine menace, there is a good deal more to say. To be sure, of late the submarines have been less effective than formerly. It is not giving out information of value to the enemy to suggest that the American plan for submarine-chasing has worked. After Admiral Sims arrived in England the submarines began to be less sure of their harvest. In the weeks ending June 9 and June 16 they accounted for sixty-four vessels, but for many weeks after that they were far from maintaining that record. It is

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said that the British had not pursued the submarines with the swift destroyers, but had contented themselves with smaller craft, and that the American destroyers promptly took the field. Certainly the dates coincide with rumors. But destroyers are costly craft.

The British admiralty has had terrific tasks in guarding its transports and in keeping certain sea lanes fairly free of the undersea peril. At all events, it is rumored that the American destroyers have played no small part in the lowering of the sinking records. The Germans have announced that they were going to set up a department for the study of the psychology of non-Germans, a rather naïve and pathetic confession. Great Britain seems to have proceeded on a rule-of-thumb system of psychology by sturdily holding her tongue in regard to any victories over submarines. Lloyd George broke the silence by the laconic announcement that five submarines had been accounted for in one day, but that was the first and last statement in regard to the matter. We know the submarines are not credited with heavy sinkings. We know they have been seemingly quiescent for some time. It would be arrant folly for us to suppose that our very resourceful enemy is at the end of his string in the submarine matter. Definitely, we know only one thing about the enemy, and that is that he will break out with full force in some unexpected place when we least expect it. The submarine menace may be checked, but it behooves the thoughtful man to wait a good long time before he believes it. It is too sudden to be reassuring.

WARFARE ON A 50-50 BASIS, EXCEPT SUBMARINES

As a straight matter of fact, the submarine is the one unbalanced arm the war has developed. In all other branches of the service, theoretical strength is on a fifty-fifty basis. On land forces and devices are fairly well balanced so far. Initial German gun superiority has been balanced by the Allies.

The tanks last summer won a great victory, but it may be imagined that the British High Command had pretty definite assurance that the Germans had temporarily weakened

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their gun defenses to support the over-rapid Austro-Italian advance before they sent their regiments of caterpillars, as the Boches call them, against the Hindenburg-Wotan line.

The Zeppelins proved a fiasco, and aeroplane for aeroplane, the opposing forces are at present well matched. If the United States puts a hundred thousand planes in the air the Germans may as well retire. But as things have gone, one side or the other has produced a device, only to have the opponent develop one that neutralized it. But, so far, that has not been true of the submarine. It remains the unbalanced strength. One would not go so far as to say that something cannot be devised, if not to combat it, at least to counteract it. Many men are at work on the problem and American ingenuity has overcome great difficulties in the past. Germany has kept the theory of sea power being the vital power alive by the use of the submarine. It may be, after all, that the war will be finally decided by naval power. As the old lady said, stranger things have happened.

It is well to bear in mind that the Germans have exceeded all other peoples in one rather important branch—the study of latent, developed and applied national strength. Long before the war was decided on in Berlin the resources, not only natural and industrial but human of the German Empire and her allies, had been thoroughly tabulated. The Kaiser's government has a very definite idea of how far Germany can go. Less than any other peoples, the Germans leave little to chance. But it would not be far from accurate to venture the suggestion that the submarine was as near an afterthought to the Germans as anything that has happened in this war.

That seems a startling statement, but a brief survey of the history of the war will bear it out. The war started in August, 1914. The British fleet was mobilized and in fighting trim and vanished from the newspapers the midnight war was declared. Bits of it have reappeared from time to time, but the great gray fleet of the newspaper writer's florid phrase has been conspicuous for its furtiveness. If you recall the newspapers of three years ago, you will recall the almost ghoulish glee with which the writers waited for the appear-

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ance of the romantic sea terror. This war has produced a number of romantic devices that have briefly appeared and then disappeared.

The submarine appeared early in the autumn, when Weddigen sank three British second-rate cruisers—but then, as a part of the naval forces combatting naval forces, it vanished. The British fleet actually did control the seas in short order and the Germans left it to them. It was a full six months before the Germans determined to use the submarine as a commerce destroyer and a good ten before the submarine accomplished anything startling. The sinking of the Lusitania, as horrible an act of piracy as history records, was the first big submarine achievement. And it is not a matter of doubt that that result was as unexpected by the Germans as by anybody else. The von Tirpitz crowd had got hold of a weapon that was a boomerang. It would be interesting to endeavor to analyze the whole history of the early submarine campaign. The Germans justified themselves by quoting the theories of English naval officers as to the legitimacy of submarine activities against merchantmen.

All the way through they seem to have been a little afraid of the weapon they themselves had forged—out of American patents. They acted a good deal like children who were a little uncertain about throwing a bomb. They knew full well the vulnerability of the craft; they knew better than anyone the difficulties in the matter of morale a submarine campaign meant. And after events had proved the submarine's power and effectiveness, they still seemed a little afraid of it. It took them a full two years and a half to venture on an indiscriminate sinking campaign.

SOME THEORIES THAT HAVE BEEN SMASHED

All of their reasons cannot be guessed at, but it will not be far out of the way to venture the suggestion that they were not sure for a long time that their enemies had not a very effective method of combatting the undersea boat. Gossip sometimes conveys not altogether dependable secret history. It was rumored in Washington for a long time that the Amer-

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ican Navy had worked out a plan of fighting the submarine and that the Germans did not begin their campaign until they were pretty certain that the plan—of whose existence their very efficient spy service was well aware—had not been adopted by certain men in authority. That they had a pretty accurate idea of the way the British admiralty was going to approach the problem—once it had recognized it as a problem—and that they discounted that British plan, events have proved. But they did not know what the bloodsinning Yankee was going to do and they were very cautious until they were fairly certain that the Yankee was not going to do anything he had planned to do.

And it is not a far cry from the truth that they were convinced that the United States would not act when they announced their unrestricted campaign. When the United States called the German bluff and sent its destroyer fleet to European waters, the campaign against the submarines took on new light. The depth bomb came to light. Once a destroyer can get within fighting distance of a submarine the submarine's chances are slim. But an enemy that is elusive is all the more dangerous. And the submarine, one may safely say, has not yet uttered its final word.

The German has one great mechanical virtue — the temporarily impracticable is never the impossible. Invention is not tabooed in Germany, but patiently cultivated. Three years ago, the theory that a submarine could be built that could cross the ocean under its own power, could be an effective fighting unit three or four thousand miles from its known bases, and get back home again, would have been received with kindly courtesy, possibly, by naval authorities in other countries. But the Germans did it. There is a list of sinkings off Nantucket to prove it. There is no reason to believe they could not do it again. They are an industriously daring people, the Germans. And they have been so circumspect about the submarine that they will bear the closest watching.

For one thing, the submarine is really a psychological weapon. In its mystery and unexpectedness is its greatest terror. And all the world knows now that Germany does a

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great many things with the expectancy of inspiring terror abroad and of bolstering up thereby the hopes of a by no means happy people at home. A submarine attack upon the coasts of the United States might not do a great deal of harm, but it would certainly make a great many Easterners look with deeper appreciation than they have ever shown before upon the beauties of the Middle West, and it would equally certainly make Fritz put another notch in his belt cheerfully.

A NEW WEAPON AT OUR DISPOSAL

It is not beyond the limits of what is permissible to say that the Allied forces have an equally valuable psychological weapon at their disposal. Five years ago Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske patented what is known as the torpedo-plane—a hydroplane or aeroplane armed with one or two Whitehead torpedoes, discharged by a simple mechanical device while the plane is in motion and while swooping down towards the surface of the water. A British navy lieutenant made several flights from the Mediterranean in August, 1915, into the Sea of Marmora, carrying torpedoes weighing 730 pounds each. He sank four Turkish ships. The Germans sank the British merchant steamer Gena near the English coast on May 1, 1917, by a torpedo-plane, but it is not known whether they have made any other use of this weapon, except that on one occasion a German torpedo-plane discharged a torpedo into the mouth of a British harbor.

The principal difficulty so far has been in building a plane that was powerful enough to carry heavy torpedoes over long distances. We know that the German fleet is in Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, safe behind its mines and the powerful guns of Heligoland Bight. We know that as long as that fleet is safe the German people will cling to the belief in their impregnability. And we know that as long as safe harbors exist for the submarine that menace is still potent.

The distance from England to Kiel is only 375 miles, and the distance from northern France to the same place is only 400 miles. The distance to Wilhelmshaven is only 270 and 300 miles respectively. A squadron of Caproni aero-

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planes recently made a trip of 875 miles without stopping. The problem is to create an airplane capable of traveling a thousand miles, let us say, carrying a crew of three men at the most and an armament of at least one big Whitehead torpedo. It is a mechanical difficulty purely. It is asserted by competent authority that such a plane is perfectly feasible. There are details to be worked out, but they are capable of solution. Nay more, they are in process of being solved.

A destroyer costs not far from a million dollars. For the same sum twenty-five planes of the desired style can be manufactured. The crew of this fleet would consist of seventy-five men; it takes a hundred men to man a destroyer. The planes can fly at an elevation of 12,000 feet and maintain a speed of twenty-five miles an hour at the lowest. At that height they are practically invisible and by certain details of construction their visibility, even on a downward swoop, can be lowered materially. The Whitehead torpedo, of 1,600 pounds' strength, is effective at a range of a little over six miles. The torpedo-plane has the three prime requisites of an effective fighting unit, destructive force, power and mobility.

HOW KIEL DEFENSES CAN BE SMASHED

It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture what would happen if a squadron of these 'planes ever got into action at Wilhelmshaven or Kiel. One large Whitehead would serve more effectively to disturb the Sabbath calm reputed to exist in those safe harbors than anything else one could imagine. There would not be much chance for its escaping seriously damaging that rather closely-packed German fleet. Even if it hit only a breakwater it would bring down such a wall of earth and stone as to make navigation somewhat difficult. A torpedo that once managed to hit anywhere near the base of Heligoland would rock that German Gibraltar to its foundations. Moreover, a torpedo costs only $8,000, which is considerably less than one charge of some of our big guns costs. But, most of all, the consternation it would cause throughout Germany would be epochal.

That the United States has any plan of this sort cannot

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be said. That the torpedo-plane's possibilities may be under consideration does not seem unlikely.

It should be borne in mind that the destruction of the German fleet would inflict irreparable damage upon Germany. That fleet could not possibly be replaced. A modern battleship is the mechanical marvel of all time, like a watch in its delicacy and responsiveness, yet capable of enduring the tremendous recoil of a broadside of sixteen-inch guns. To achieve this means, most of all, time. Once her fleet is destroyed, Germany's hopes of world dominion vanish in thin air. The purpose with which she started the war would immediately be inachievable. And she would not have left a single plausible reason to convince her people that it was worth while going on with the fighting. As long as the fleet remains, Germany's commercial future—to the Germans—may seem possible. But the Germans know full well that without a fleet to impose their will a continuance of the war means simply a reaping of the whirlwind. Their house of cards is substantial as long as they have a fleet. Deprived of that the whole flimsy structure, even in their own eyes, falls to the ground. And if they won't come out of Kiel there may be a way in. The Farragut of this war can damn the torpedoes with impunity—from the air.

In discussing the torpedo-plane before the members of the Aero Club of New England at Boston on November 21, according to a report in the New York *Times* of November 22, Rear Admiral Fiske said:

"It may be pointed out that some of the greatest successes in war have been gained by the joint efforts of strategists and mechanicians, in bringing new weapons into being, and that the Monitor and the U-boat did not exist until a perception of their strategical possibilities by certain strategists, and the devising of appropriate mechanisms by certain mechanicians caused them to exist. It is my hope that the United States Government will develop the torpedo-plane. It seems to have two fields of usefulness—one for operations from the water and the other for operations from the land."

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IN FLANDERS FIELDS

This widely quoted poem is considered to be the best lyric of the war. It was written during the Second Battle of Ypres, April, 1915, by Lieut. Col. Dr. John McCrae of Montreal, Canada, who now lies buried "In Flanders Fields."

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch;—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

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LABOR MUST UNITE AND SERVE

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

[PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR]

"BUSINESS as usual" is an impossible idea. Every interest of every individual in the warring nations is in some degree affected by war conditions. The business of the nation has become of paramount importance. That business is to make war, and to make war in such a way that there shall be less danger of future wars. Success in that purpose depends upon efficiency. Efficiency is conditioned by material resources and ability to utilize those resources in the most effective manner with all elements concerned working in the relations in which they can best use their personal ability.

Organization for the business of war becomes heir to any of the evils and mistakes of organization for peace. In time of peace, when there was present no actual menace of physical danger, other things were thought more important than the determination of wisest plans and methods. Because it was possible to muddle through in some way and secure apparently satisfactory results, the nation's business was more or less neglected for the business of individuals. In private business the guiding principle has generally been individual profit. Individual profit may mean national waste. Organization for war is dependent primarily upon effective management, and brings out in a startling manner mistakes and stupidity of peace times.

THE RIGHT WAY TO ORGANIZE

In order to organize for war we have to find out what was wrong with the organization of peace, and have had to open many closet doors concealing industrial skeletons. Un-

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less we needlessly sacrifice the lives of many soldiers and sailors and endanger the success of the whole war through failure in production, we shall have to open many more doors and disclose existing evils, and listen to many voices long ignored telling the story of industrial inhumanity.

The first outstanding problems were control over food supplies and transportation. Legislation to eliminate speculative prices in food essentials and to facilitate equitable distribution of supplies was early enacted by Congress.

Under existing practices transportation had become seriously congested. Anti-trust legislation had prevented railroads from pooling their resources and combining roads into a continental system. To secure some measure of protection against railroad greed legislation prescribing these restrictions had been enacted. Time and time again the attention of the nation's legislators had been called to the necessity of formulating a national railroad policy that would enable the country to secure the best service and at the same time prevent exploitation. Consideration of this difficult problem had been deferred from time to time until war necessity forced immediate action. Movement of troops, war supplies in addition to the needs of the civil population make a continental system an imperative necessity. The President took over the railroads and appointed a director general.

The coal situation has also convicted federal legislators of lack of vision and inactivity. The fuel problem would not be so serious if provisions had been made for utilizing natural power found all over the country.

In the labor situation we find the results of stupidity in autocratic power. As the labor problem has now become largely a national problem, an essential element has been emphasized more clearly than ever before—that all elements concerned have responsibilities.

When all parties concerned in the problem attempt to deal with it in full realization of their responsibility more equitable solutions will be gradually worked out, but it must be always remembered that this is a common problem in which both workers and employers are concerned, and in

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which both must have a determining voice. A satisfactory working adjustment can be reached only when representatives of all parties sit around the table to discuss their common problems on terms of equality.

The same principle which our nation is fighting to establish in international relations must exist in industrial relations at home. There must be a basis of justice for all whether weak or strong.

It may be that the chastening experiences of war were necessary to make us heed these weaknesses in national organization and to make us search out the master facts of life.

These are voices warning us against achievements secured through waste, against ill-based concepts of relations between man and man which rewarded exploitation. They direct the way toward paths of peace, human justice, and a new freedom.

America is at the dividing of the way between the old and the new where the determining standard is service. The world is suffering the travail and pain for a new birth for justice, freedom, and humanity.

THE MATTER OF IMMIGRATION

Shortly after war was declared by the United States against the imperial German government, war conditions were made the basis for an agitation to suspend legislation limiting and regulating immigration into this country. As a result of conditions prevailing during the war, immigration into the United States had fallen from 1,218,480 in the year ending June 30, 1914, to 295,403, in 1917, making a decrease of 923,077.

As a result of tremendous immigration into this country, which was in a large measure induced by steamship companies and by corporations who wished to profit from foreign cheap labor, there existed in practically all sections an oversupply of workers. A report published in Monthly Review by the bureau of labor statistics of the department of labor, October, 1915, shows that there was an average of 2,177,000

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persons idle, taking averages during 12 months in the year in normal times. The months in which the European war was in progress had largely reduced immigration, but has not, as yet, taken up the slack. However, the employers of this country have never given any thought how to make most efficient use of workers or to plan for continuous employment of those on their pay roll or the "army of unemployed." They had always trusted to chance that there would be enough seeking jobs whenever there was occasion for employing additional workers. They had never organized their work to conform to the needs and supply of workers. They had always expected workers to conform to the needs and interests of employers. Labor had been considered as the unimportant part of production, to be either hired or fired in processes of production.

Employers had no conception of adjusting the economies of their organization to the new situation which made workers more valuable and less readily available. If three men were not waiting for one job, they thought there was a shortage. The only remedy that occurred to them was to open up the flood-gates of immigration. They clamored for the repeal of this "protective" legislation. However, the department of labor suspended the immigration law to permit the entrance of Mexican workers, and then an assault was made upon the Chinese exclusion act.

"COOLIES"—OR AMERICANS?

Steamship companies have offered to bring in thousands of Chinese coolies. This movement now finds a congressional father in Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who introduced in the Senate a resolution to investigate the advisability of repealing or suspending the Chinese exclusion act. The advocates of this course are treating the whole question as though it were a matter of expediency only. They ignore the fundamental principles upon which immigration legislation is based. These laws are the result of considered judgments and careful investigation of conditions and tendencies covering a period of several decades.

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World experience has demonstrated that the white race can not assimilate races of other colors. The other alternative, amalgamation, has results that are repugnant to Americans. We already have one race problem still unsettled.

There threatened another more serious problem through coolie immigration. European immigrants sooner or later become cooperators with America's workers, but Chinese workers provoke a conflict between white and yellow standards of life and work in which the coolies supplant and drive out the white workers. The result of the proposed policy would be, therefore, the Chinese colonies and Chinese industries which spring up in this country. To prevent this disaster the Chinese exclusion act was adopted with which is associated the gentleman's agreement which also restricts Japanese workers. The same conditions that made advisable the adoption of this legislation make inadvisable its repeal.

With one urgent and unsolved race problem on our hands we can not afford to risk national existence by inviting another. In this war for freedom we can not afford to use methods that would deprive our workers of those things that give life, hope and opportunity. Americans must deal with America's problems. Either they will remonstrate to cope with the situation for moral and mental stamina, or else they will confess inability to defend the cause of democracy and freedom. The problems of the war demand brains and efficiency, not stupidity and shirking.

Unite to win the war!

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THE ROUGH ROAD OF YOUNG CHINA

GARDNER L. HARDING
[AUTHOR OF "PRESENT DAY CHINA"]

THE year that is now drawing to a close has been one of the most eventful and kaleidoscopic, if not altogether one of the happiest, in the recent history of China. It began with a period when it looked as if the Chinese Republic had settled down at last to the business of prosaic and orderly self-government. On January 23 China's most candid foreign critic, the editor of the *North China Daily News*, of Shanghai, felt this hopeful drift so far as to declare, "In fact, we think there is less and less space in China for criticism of the purely condemnatory order," and that "amid many discouragements there appears a gleam of better things to come." Alas for these benevolent predictions. When they were made, the forces of Chinese public life—the generals, the mandarin officials, the Young China constitutionalists and the southern radicals—had achieved an equilibrium under the liberal president, Li Yuan-hung, which made it possible to speak of the Chinese government as something like a competent national administration. A week later there appeared the small cloud (small in China) which was to burst all the restraints of patriotism and once more make China an anarchy of contending factions.

This little cloud was Germany's new submarine policy, which was to paralyze the neutrality of the United States and force us inexorably into the heart of the great war. The American example stirred Peking, and our State Department, energetically represented by our minister to China, Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, induced the Chinese government to send a note to Germany which made an immediate rupture of relations inevitable. It came on March 14, China taking

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the initiative. But the melancholy fact must be recorded that that initiative was the last collective expression of China's national will within the span of the present crisis. The unanimity in the government was not real; even then the cracks between the factions were plainly showing. The northern militarists immediately began to use the situation, with an eye to martial law leading to an early dictatorship, for their own factional purposes. The southerners, and the constitutionalists in general, though much more sincerely willing than their opponents to join the Allied cause, allowed themselves to be drawn into a protracted campaign to delay a declaration of war on Germany.

The tiny group of soldiers and intellectuals, who when they work together are but feeble dots within the immense potentialities of modern China, thus split further and further apart. The liberal president dismissed the reactionary prime minister, Yuan Shih-k'ai's old lieutenant, General Tuan Chi-jui, and liberal China responded with acclamations. Conservative China, however, responded with rebellion. Ten generals made a drive toward Peking, stopping at Tientsin to let the world know they had established a dictatorship. They abrogated the constitution, dispersed the Parliament, and shut up the President in the Japanese legation. They clearly showed their hand as reactionaries by admitting to their councils monarchists and mandarins and generalissimos who were staunch supporters of the old order before the republic. Especially, they placed at the head of their council table in Tientsin, Chang Hsun, arch-brigand and pro-Manchu, the most inveterate enemy of constitutional government in China.

Meanwhile, the southerners and the republicans of mid-China took alarm. Representatives of six provinces, under the leadership of Kwangtung and Yunnan, met in Canton early in June and actively prepared to make good their threat to secede from China in case they could not force the north to abandon its Prussianism and share the government with those who, however inadequately, were the representatives of the people. These men were not mere Parliamentary ora-

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tors, either. They were headed by two of the ablest fighting leaders of modern China, Lu Yung-ting and Tang Shih-yao. With Tsai Ao they created last year in the south a military movement which, for China, was the most hopeful phalanx of physical power behind the liberal movement the republic has so far produced. Its demonstration of that power was called the Yunnan rebellion; and its result was the destruction of Yuan Shih-k'ai's hopes of empire, his resignation from his autocratic presidency, and his death in the disgrace of virtual ostracism. The northern generals were sent to put down this rebellion, and the armies they sent failed to do it. South China has not forgotten the exhileration of this victory, which gave the liberals for ten months a real share in the government of China.

So when these men headed an impromptu gathering of South China's political and military leadership in Canton, and when Tang Shao-yi, Sun Yat-sen and many other leaders of the First Revolution joined them there, and sent word to their representatives throughout China south of the Yangtse to make ready for another test of strength, participation in the European war for China faded before the much warmer likelihood of far reaching civil disturbance at home. In Peking, meanwhile, President Li Yuan-hung had been forced to give his sanction to the dissolution of Parliament, though Dr. Morrison, his British adviser, with his moral influence as the doyen of foreign advisors in China behind him, courageously upheld the Young China position and gave out a public statement urging "in the strongest manner the retention of Parliament." The President persisted in his vacillating course, however, and when every member of his cabinet, from Wu Ting-fang to the conservative Li Ching-hsi, nephew of the great Li Hung-chang, refused to give the counter-signature required by the constitution, Li made a cabinet minister out of the Peking chief of police, a northern functionary blessed with the alliterative name of Chiang Chao-chung. Chiang tied the proper noose of red tape round the neck of Parliament, and Li, conscious of a severe sickness, entered a French hospital in Peking.

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This disgusted the southerners with their erstwhile liberal leader. Their hotter spirits excommunicated him immediately; but the liberal parties as a whole swallowed their chagrin and went on preparing the movement which should restore to their president the power he had relinquished in the camp of their enemies. Also, they went on negotiating, through Wu Ting-fang, through the vice-president, Feng Kuo-chang, strategically located at Nanking, and through the extremely useful and prudent corps of foreign advisers at Peking. On June 24 a bargain was struck. Both factions agreed to spare China the calamity of civil war; the northerners abandoned their dictatorship and the southerners their Parliament, and the understanding was proclaimed on both sides that preparations would immediately commence for a new Parliament, to be elected early in the fall. Li Ching-hsi, the man whose nomination by the President for Premier in place of General Tuan had started all the trouble, was restored to the Premiership. It looked as if the impossible was achieved, as if the President had saved his face and the southerners had kept their foothold after all in the power of the nation.

But hopeful foreign critics reckoned without the duplicity of the northerners, who, in China, are still your true Orientals of the past. On the first days of July China awoke to the real intentions of Chang Hsun in Peking. In the early hours of one Sunday morning a very sleepy little boy was trundled through the silent streets of the capital in a fine carriage, with a cortege of pig-tailed cavalry in his wake, and unceremoniously set down in a handsome, dragon-decorated arm-chair in the Forbidden City. Later in the day the foreign colony, who had scattered to week-end abodes in the hills and on the seashore, heard that Pu Yi, the little Manchu Emperor, had graciously returned from exile at the instance of the chivalrous and peerless General Chang Hsun, had taken up again the rule of the "Great Beautiful" Dynasty, and had restored the Imperial regime in China. The world heard it, too, at the instance of cable agencies who have no space for constitutional progress in China, but three-quarters

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of a column whenever the occasion offers for picturesque reaction and nine-day sensations framed up for foreign consumption.

For little Pu Yi lingered but fitfully on his gorgeous throne. For then the northern armies, burning with republican zeal and virtuous solicitude for liberty and constitutionalism, again laid siege to Peking. Nine days later Chang Hsun had once more taken the Imperial urchin under his arm, had deposited him in the outer darkness outside the world's news columns and had himself taken refuge in the Dutch Legation. But wonderful was the changed complexion of China. The northern militarists, led by General Tuan, had fought a desperate battle outside the capital in which as many as eight soldiers were wounded, had captured almost a hundred of Chang Hsun's troops—and had let them go again—and had entered Peking in triumph as the saviors of the nation. President Li, from his bed of pain in the French hospital, formally abandoned his office and relinquished his power to these heroes. Tuan became premier, Tuan's henchmen entered the cabinet, and Tuan's friend and co-conspirator, Feng Kuo-chang, rose by just and unimpeachable constitutional succession to the exalted post of President of China.

But one other act was needed to round off and complete the span of history toward which all these stirring events had been tending. With the power securely in their hands, the northerners transformed an unconstitutional interregnum into a historical national crisis by declaring war, in the name of the whole nation, on Germany and Austria. The stage was set for this declaration immediately Chang Hsun was "defeated," and by August 2 President, Premier and their hand-tooled cabinet had cast the die. A fortnight was spent feeling out the move diplomatically and in preparing the proclamation regretting that time was too pressing—though it had been quite as pressing for more than five months—to wait for the sanction of the new Parliament. Then, on August 14, dating from ten o'clock in the morning, a government resting on rebellion and intrigue, having

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finally outwitted and outraged the liberal parties of the nation, formally declared a state of war existing between China and the Central Empires.

Thus unrolls the scroll of history in China for the past few months. The chapters still to come—of how liberal China shall extricate herself from the difficult position in which she now finds herself, of whether she shall reject the war that has been thrust upon her, of whether the movement for secession shall gain new fuel from the fires of resentment this episode has everywhere stirred up, of whether the Allies will consent to deal with China as a faction rather than try to receive her genuine allegiance as a self-governing nation—all these are dark questions in a time when all future history is most perversely impenetrable.

Young China is travelling a rough road, but it is a road that we still must watch and that we in America, at any rate, must follow with sympathetic interpretation. For their leaders follow the path of men who are right—most tiresomely right—but who are most distressingly outmaneuvered whenever they get fairly out in that trackless jungle of reality through which the Chinese nation must find its way if ever it is to be more than a passive mendicant in this still unscrupulous world. If ever China is to rehabilitate herself as a nation, these men are the thin red line of leadership which alone can make that progress secure. I think there will be an end to that road which will some day finally and fully justify our faith in Young China. But for a long time, and we may as well make up our minds to it now, we must justify our confidence by faith rather than by works.

Americans, however, must always qualify their disappointment at China's stumbling progress with one potent factor in our own situation. That is, that we have justified and upheld the new China more consistently and more farsightedly than has any other nation. We have associated our diplomacy with its stability with characteristic bluntness, almost with defiance. In our note of June 7 we told China plainly that her "entry into the war, or the continuance of the status quo in her relations with the German government,

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are matters of secondary importance." We could not expect our allies to subscribe to a note of this kind, which emphasized furthermore that "China's principal necessity is to resume and continue her political entity and proceed along the road of national development." I do not believe the State Department seriously expected them to do so. That is our unique position, the necessary complement of a disinterested friendship which first among the nations officially recognized China's republicanism, and alone among them retired from a joint loan on the ground that it impaired China's sovereignty. It is a correct position besides being an amiable one, for China's attempt to join the war too soon *did result* in the interruption of her constitutional progress, and may still bring her, if South China follows the northern lead and acts like a faction instead of a part of the nation, to more disruption, and perhaps, unless a compromise is come to before these words appear, to civil war.

Professional antagonists of liberal China, as well as honest journalists who ought to know better, seek to add to our resentment by telling us that she is pro-German. Certainly, the long campaign against the declaration of war gives color to that complaint. And the Germans themselves have stolen much Young China thunder to give aid and comfort to that theory at home. If you look at the note by which Austria ironically refused to admit China's declaration of war against her, you will see a particularly humorous confirmation of this attempt. Says Dr. Von Rosthorn, the Austrian minister to Peking: "I must consider the declaration (of war) unconstitutional and illegal, as, according to so high an authority as ex-President Li Yuan-hung, the declaration requires the approbation of both houses of Parliament."

This tender Teuton solicitude for China's constitutional practices, though it may cast doubts on our belief that the German race has no sense of humor, leaves Young China's own reasons for her actions just where they were before. It is true that Sun Yat-sen, Tang Shao-yi, and Wen Tsung-yao, three of the foremost leaders of radical China, have re-

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peatedly used expressions very unfriendly to the Allies in urging China to keep out of the war. Sun Yat-sen's statement that "all the belligerents are fighting for merely selfish aims" was impolitic to say the least and has caused deep resentment in England and America, the countries where Dr. Sun still has many loyal friends. But we must remember that such words from these men and from the younger leaders who have followed them must always be qualified by China's domestic situation. They knew what we did not know, that northern militarists were using intervention on the side of the Allies solely as a spring-board for their own violent usurpation of constitutional power. For the northerners, not the southerners, were the rebels in this case; and America's counsel to China to put orderly government before war aims justified the south, not in being pro-German, but in being pro-Chinese.

At any rate, nothing that was said in China equalled in unkindness to the Allies the daily statements a few months ago of the Committee of Workmen and Soldiers in Petrograd, an analogy profoundly suggestive of liberal China's inevitable evolving point of view. And as in liberal Russia, so in liberal China, the Allies have had powerful and effective friends. Liang Chi-ch'iao, though a conservative party man, still an inveterate constitutionalist and Yuan Shih-k'ai's most relentless adversary, has been the pre-eminent leader throughout this year of liberal China's participation in the war on the side of the Allies. Chang Chi, ex-President of the Senate and one of Sun Yat-sen's closest friends, early came out for intervention. Wang Chung-hwei, Minister of Justice in Dr. Sun's first cabinet, and one of the ablest radical leaders in all China, strongly favored it and worked incessantly for the Allies' cause in Peking. C. T. Wang, vice-president of the Senate, a Yale graduate, who is China's best known radical leader among the American communities in the Far East; Tsai Yuan-pei, ex-Minister of Education, who is one of the best of the Young China scholars, and Eugene Chen, editor of what is practically the official organ of the southern parties, the Peking *Gazette,* wrote and urged early

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and late that China should bear her share in the emergency of the world's civilization against Germany.

Nor should it be forgotten that the last time Premier Tuan asked the sanction of the liberal Parliament for the rupture of relations which would surely sooner or later bring China into the war, he got it by the decisive joint vote of 619 to 124. At this time nine out of the twelve radical political clubs in Peking stood by that course. The opposition to it then and afterward came from a pacifist and provincial attitude, a non-party, obstruction campaign that rested, exactly as it did for two years in America, on a narrow and defective understanding of the realities of the war, and never on the deliberate programme of any one party. That inertia persists in China among the illiterate and irresponsible millions of the population who are not yet even conscious of their own government, to say nothing of the "alien enemies" who have been added to the political complications they have yet to conquer. But whatever else Young China may have done, it did not, by refusing to give the proper leadership, contribute to the sluggish and torpid stalemate which is still China's most pronounced political character. Liberal China gave the lead which should have brought the nation in time to something more like a conscious moral allegiance with the liberal world than the Chinese people had ever in their history experienced. But military adventure overwhelmed the path of constitutional penetration by which, in twelve months, or (our own interval) two years' time, conscious and literate China might have been led, deliberately and understandingly, to take of its own accord the great step of destiny toward association with liberal Europe.

China's entrance into the war, however, has too many positive advantages altogether divorced from her local situation to regard it as wholly, or even primarily, a misfortune for China. The American initiative that prompted her intervention, though it has been responsible for many unexpected evils, was a wholesome initiative and is bound in the main to have wholesome results. China is to-day a full-fledged ally; her internal affairs, like Russia's, for that reason demand im-

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mediate and constructive Allied consideration. First and foremost should come a reconstruction of her army. China spends to-day on her military forces almost $80,000,000 gold a year (she admits that much; there may be even more), and she gets for it in real military strength practically nothing. Her generals do not command her armies; they own them, and they use them for or against the government as their political ambitions happen to turn the scale. It is Young China's outstanding failure in government that it has never been able to impose reform on this inveterate relict of mandarin corruption. With the army purchasable, the heart of the nation has been wrong. If the Allies are to turn Chinese assistance to any useful purpose, if their opportunity for constructive interest in China is really to stabilize the country, they must give plain notice that this system must be ended. A system must be devised and rigidly applied whereby discipline is to be enforced among generals as well as among private soldiers. An oath must be administered throughout the army to the prevailing and constitutionally elected administration, disobedience to which must be charged as treason and punished with death. Then, and not till then, the Allies may take hold of China's military forces and create an army.

Finally, such constitutional progress as China has already made has at least as good a chance under Allied partnership, providing that partnership is really honest, in Asia as well as in Europe, in "making the world safe for democracy," as it has with China left to her still uncertain devices. China has all the more claim under this arrangement for the sound loan she still sorely needs, and for the administrative reform in which the Allies, particularly the English, have already so crucially helped her in such matters as the rehabilitation of the Salt Gabelle.

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HAVE THE MOVIES IDEALS?

By WILLIAM A. BRADY

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

THE ideal motion picture is always the ambition of every producer. Ideals, however, are more often talked about than actually found. Doubtless the entire investment of $500,000,000 which the motion picture industry represents in this country has been spent by men who were under the impression that they were idealizing, uplifting, making an art of the screen drama. Since all things of earth are influenced by the men who live on it, it is safe to look at the progress of motion picture enterprise from the standards of those men who have been its sponsors. The best of them, that is to say, the men who have more recently applied themselves to the motion picture industry, have not done so, through direct inspiration to make it more ideal. The idealist in moving picture is very much handicapped, first because the business conditions of handling films are not ideal in themselves, and second there are many so-called directors who have no ideals, but many thrills. On the whole, however, the moving picture from its first crude infancy, to its present elaborate and costly production, has made great endeavor to select ideal subjects for the camera. The greatest poem, the most uplifting moment in the lives of great men and women, the historical heart stories of the world have all been punctured by the moving picture scenario writer. Like other audiences made up of promiscuous but eager human beings, the very beautiful, the truly poetic, the ethical splendor of feeling has failed to be understood. A great deal of money has been lost by men who have a fancy to demonstrate the public love of ideals. In my long career as a producer of plays I have found the greatest mystery of my work has been the American audience. I have had to eliminate personal preferences, private ideals of what a

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play represents, and apply the cold eye of impersonal judgment to discover the primitive ingredients demanded by the American audiences. The ideal play from the producer's point of view, which is businesslike, applying only to the profits, may have no ideal quality to excuse it. It would be very encouraging to a man who happens to be contributing to the imagination of his fellow beings, if he could insist upon presenting such delicate themes as the ideal. Living as we do in a masquerade of outward grace and neglecting as we do the inward standards of our ideals, it is not surprising if the public seek rather a truthful exploitation of life, than a poetical. Of course, there are degrees of ideals, just as there are different kinds of clay in human shape, and the ideals that inspire some are ridiculous to others. To find the middle course, the happy medium between the altruistic heights and the level plains of those who live and die in the valley, is a task of the man who produces amusement with profit to himself.

I have no personal pessimism towards any form of public amusements, because it takes all sorts of forms, and remains amusement. I am convinced also that the preacher, the critic, and the reformer can never receive the rewards of their labor. It has been necessary to refer to amusement business as a whole, to define the particular ideals that are possible in the motion picture business. On the film, as on the stage, we have the same obligations to consider, amusement, emotion, life.

There were no ideals contemplated when the motion picture business began. Without going into the long record of its affairs, it is sufficient to say that the first motion pictures were the evolution of the lantern slide. The latter did not stimulate the imagination, it deadened it. It flattened the imagination, it inspired no ideals because it told no moving story. Ideals are the result of that which we eventually hope for. Ideals are moving factors, they emerge from hopeless crisis.

The first motion pictures were presented as bits of camera magic. They mystified, they startled, but they did not in-

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spire. The men who first saw the commercial opportunity of Edison's invention were not idealists. They saw cheap rents, quick return, no salaries for actors or actresses to speak of, and they became millionaires. Being show men the success of the motion picture as an ideal was not on their conscience. The power which their accumulating fortunes subsequently gave them awakened ideal possibilities. That is to say, they did not increase their investments to idealize the industry, but they did take some pride in their competition with theatrical productions. There was an element of vanity in the pleasure they enjoyed of seeing the names of celebrated actors and actresses, of well-known stars over the doors of their theatres. It pleased them immensely to be able to tell the public that a two-dollar star could be seen for ten cents in their theatre. That was the basic inspiration of the improved films, but they neglected in the organization of their ambition to realize that the environment of the stage in which a great star is placed is a large port of that star's artistic success. They undertook the management of artists without securing for them artistic productions. For many years the ideals of the moving picture were in the hands of incompetent, unseeing and ignorant directors. It was a long time before the artists of distinction in the theatre could be induced to consent to appearing on the motion picture screeen. All overtures made to them were disregarded. With tolerant smile, or a shrug of the shoulders, they would dismiss the very idea of becoming moving picture actors. When they did consent, it was because the financial compensations were irresistible. An artist, like other human beings, likes to have a great deal of money. This was the only inducement which the motion picture operators could possibly offer them. They succumbed hesitatingly. They apologized to each other for their artistic lapses. They confessed their motion picture sins shamefacedly.

It is a question in my mind whether they contributed ideal conditions to the screen. There was, of course, great curiosity to see how they would conduct themselves in silent drama. There was also a very large percentage of the public

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who had never been able to afford the regular theatre prices to see them at all. As a commercial enterprise it was enormously successful, as a contribution to the ideals of motion pictures, it was not so distinguished at first. The adjustment of the dramatic scenery of well-known plays to the broader scope of the screen made frequent artistic muddles of good plays. A play that had told its story in four acts and seven scenes was elaborated to perhaps a hundred and fifty scenes in its motion picture counterpart. The artistic subtlety, the intimate revelation of character was entirely lost, and in its place the story of the play became either a struggle for good photography, or a struggle to transplant it from stage tradition to the open air. That was one of the perplexities of the first moving picture production of well-known plays. It is almost impossible to place the characters of any story in a play in the actual scenes of its story. The characters become miniature figures when they are reduced to the level of actual backgrounds in life. These are criticisms that apply only if one seeks to be critical. It so happens, however, that moving picture audiences are more critical when an artistic effort is made on the screen than when no artistic effort is intended. The closer the motion picture drama sticks to the requirements of the camera, the better the picture is for its audience.

The artistic failure of some of the big stars as motion picture actors has been generally admitted. Uncomfortable in their new environment, hampered by being compelled to act in competition with the ordinary conditions of life, they miss the illusions of their art. In most cases the audiences were disappointed in the great stars on the film. And I believe the audiences had a right to be disappointed, because these really great artists disfranchised from the quality of their art, were placed in an unfair relation to the public. So, what had promised to be a progressive step in a laudable effort to supply the motion picture drama with ideal conditions, failed.

The audience which filled the moving picture theatres resented an attempt to displace the real limitations to artistic endeavor, and went back more eagerly and heartily to a lot

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of actors and actresses who could not achieve any distinction in the theatre, but who made four times as much money. The quality of acting which these people contributed was of a special kind, entirely alien to their requirements of the theatre. They are creations of the directors of motion pictures. They have been trained to meet the requirements of camera, to overcome the sensational expectations of the scenario writer. The women, many of them, possessed a photographic beauty that would have no value on the stage. There is scarcely a popular favorite on the screen whose voice could penetrate to the third row of the orchestra in a theatre. Otherwise, with the enormous advertising the motion picture corporations have given these women, they would have been stamped up by the theatrical producers. The men in the motion picture drama are nearly all in the same position. They, too, have been brought up to heroic poses for the camera which they could not convey in the theatre. Of course, a great many actors have become employed by motion picture producers, and these are exempt from this criticism.

It is an obvious question whether these exceptionally successful motion picture stars have been at all inspirational to any ideals. Perhaps they have. There are immense audiences in motion picture theatres who applaud vigorously, and are made very happy when their popular favorite steps before them on the screen. But they are pleased, I think, in the same ratio of entertainment that used to apply to the days when cigarette pictures of well-known actresses decorated the hall room of a very young man. The photograph of a very pretty young girl is a popular appeal that can never fail to please. Add to this the pleasure of seeing this young woman pass through a series of crude emotions, and you have supplied the romantic ideals of most people. Whether the motion picture plays in which this pretty girl appears has any ethical or artistical value, whether her acting is good or bad, makes no difference. There she is, sighing, crying, smiling, mischievous and gay, sad and despairing, heroic and self-sacrificing, there she is. One can hardly say

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that because she has been well photographed that she is a great artist. The duty of the camera is to make her beautiful under all circumstances, and great credit is due to the mechanical progress of the moving picture camera. The ideals which emanate from a photographic studio have been largely responsible for keeping the moving picture far removed from the higher purposes of the allied arts which it employs. There has been perhaps too much attention paid to the tricks of the camera than to the artistic expectation of the moving picture play.

While many industrious writers and some prominent authors have tried to adapt themselves to the mechanical requirements of the film, they have done so usually at the sacrifice of their craft. In an effort to photograph literature, the literary ideal which has nothing to do with photography, has been lost. Of course, the great question which confronts the producer of a literary play, or the adaptation of a story that has in it literary flavor, has been how to retain those qualities. The stage director of artistic production in the theatre is naturally lost when it comes to meeting entirely different conditions of staging. The beauties of lighting, which are such important parts of stage production, become a matter of exact mechanism in the motion picture. By tinting the film moonlights, sunsets, storms and firelight cannot be regulated as accurately as they can be in the theatre. For the general purpose of theatrical ideals the stage lighting can be made much more effective, can make a closer appeal to the motion than the sharper light of daylight. With very few exceptions, therefore, it was necessary to secure directors for motion pictures who knew more about the camera than they did about the artistry of the theatre. Their application of photography to the motion picture drama may have been excellent, but their understanding, their vision of the dramatic opportunity of a scenario, was frequently far from artistic. While they struggled for good photography, they lost the values of good acting. While they successfully carried the theatricalism of the motion picture story into a realism that the theatre audience would have resented, they

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created an elaboration of forced power that no melodrama has ever dared to attempt. This apparent necessity of the camera play drove the scenario writers out of all environment and atmosphere of ideal work. They wrote for sensationalism, for trick camera work, for utterly false values from a literary standpoint. In spite of every effort to improve these deficiencies of crudity, it has been quite impossible to convey on the film the ideals of the theatre.

Something approaching ideal conditions in the amusement field, however, has been accomplished. The big productions on the screen have pushed realism to the point where it has stimulated the popular imagination beyond measure. With many thousands of people appearing in a battle scene, or horrifying the public in an exhibition of some great disaster like an earthquake, or a famine, what the moving picture has gained in realism, however, the public have lost in the subtlety of suggestion. The ideal dramatic effect in a theatre is what we can throw upon the sensitive imagination by suggestion. An ideal sinks deeper when it is evolved from a suggestion than when from a compelling realism of fact. In these great scenes employing armies of men and women, there is so much confusion of many impressions that the audience sees only the panorama and not the ideal proposed by the scenario in the story. A large part of the success of those films which represents great crowds of people is due to curiosity, to elaborate advertisement of a circus quality. The circus idea on the film has been just as good a drawing quality, and has been secured by the same methods as curiosity is aroused in a circus. There is no form of amusement which has not been seized by the film, and applied. Wild animals have been trained to be much wilder than they really are, to please the moving picture audience. Acrobats have been asked to take more risks than their profession usually demanded of them, for the camera. Railroad trains have been smashed up, automobiles driven over cliffs, horses plunged to their death. Actors and actresses ruthlessly mutilated, all to please the moving picture audience. These are the sort of things that are done for commercial

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reasons, and which destroy the ideals of the moving picture.

What then are really the ideals of moving pictures?

Primarily the moving picture should preserve in the continuity of the story the sentiment, the inspiration, the acting beauty of the play. Although I have shown that the camera limitations seriously interfere with this purpose, we are approaching better conditions than we have ever had. Nothing is more important to human appreciation of emotion than the sound of the voice, however, and the voicelessness of the moving picture is its chief embarrassment. There is a wireless communication in the tones of the voice of a man or a woman experiencing an emotional crisis that establishes their sincerity to life. In this respect the motion picture is lifeless. The characters in the motion picture plays can only, in acting, supply about half of the force of feeling intended. To cover up this deficiency, to make the audience forget that they are witnessing only a shadowy presentation of human fact, the situations are piled one upon the other too rapidly. If we were to go through the emotional adventures of our private lives with the lightning speed of events that are crowded into the lives of the heroes and heroines of the motion picture plays we should not survive very long. Speed is not conducive to deep feeling. The ideal conditions of feeling grow with all the invisible motion of nature. We do not see the wheat actually spring out of the seed, we do not see the bush become a great tree, we do not watch the speed of the sun around the earth in the twenty-four hours of its orbit. But in motion pictures we do see these things. The incidents of the motion picture plays follow one another with unnatural correlation. These inartistic effects are forced upon us, not by crude directors so much as by the limitations of the camera. The ideal motion picture, therefore, is the one that deals with a small cast, a slow development of story, many close-ups to convey the inner consciousness of the situations, and a closer attention to the detail of dress, of scenes, of true feeling.

The motion picture actor and actresses are permitted so little opportunity to develop their emotions that it is not their

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fault. The reason the great stars have failed in the motion picture plays has been chiefly on this account. They could not adapt themselves to the emotional speed of the picture camera. With the progress of improved inventions, it is possible that we shall eventually accomplish a more ideal registering of emotions than we have so far been able to make.

The ideals of the motion pictures do not rely upon great actors or well-written scenarios, they depend upon a new mechanism in the camera itself.

THOUGHTS OF EPICTITUS, JR.

Burn your money today and sift ashes tomorrow.

If you will keep your wits to life's grindstone you'll never have to keep your nose to it.

Don't grasp an opportunity until you find out whether it is yours.

Common sense should tell you when to start anything, but it takes good judgment to know when to stop.

If you are successful, try and learn the reason. If you are unsuccessful be sure and learn the reason.

The " Most for a dollar " has ruined many a man.

The " Best for a dollar " has made many millionaires.

Pay as you go and you'll never exceed the need limit.

LEWIS ALLEN.

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THE NEW AFTER-THE-WAR SOCIALISM

By GUSTAVE HERVE

[LEADER OF FRENCH SOCIALISTS, EDITOR OF LA GUERRE SOCIALE, NOW LA VICTOIRE]

The famous Socialist, once the militant leader of French Socialism, who has spent twelve years of his life behind prison walls, tells what war has done to socialism in France and what the newer international socialism is. Mr. Louis Baury, the well-known American journalist, interviewed Monsieur Hervé in his "little red apartment" on the rue Vanguard, Paris, and the article presents Mr. Baury's transcription of his talk with the dean of Socialists.

"SOCIALISM is finished! That is what a great many people said at the beginning of the war when the Socialists all over Europe showed themselves to be patriots before anything else and, in seeming violation of all their pacifist protestations, went gladly flocking to their countries' colors. Well, as a matter of fact, Socialism was only just beginning. It was that action that not only saved but made it. In a sense, one may almost say there was no Socialism before that. But now its day is at hand. Socialism has found its salvation, and it will lead the new world that is coming precisely because it has burst the fetters that have heretofore always hampered it.

"For although it is a trifle hard, perhaps, to admit that one has been in the wrong where one's most ardent work has been engaged, the way of strength lies in that direction. And the great outstanding fact about Socialism as it has heretofore existed—the fact which its most devoted followers sensed least of all—is that it was 'made in Germany.'

"Now, wait a minute. Please don't think I'm simply bigotedly prejudiced. Don't think I'm trying to run down the enemy simply because he is the enemy. I'm not at all. But this war has caused all of us to look into our beliefs with a new introspection. It is no mere idle phrase that this is a war of civilizations; and it is no mere idle phrase that liberty

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and equality are the things for which we Allies are contending.

"Those ideals are precisely what are lacking in this much talked-of German *Kultur;* and Socialism as it was practised up to August, 1914, was one of the chief outgrowths of that *Kultur*. I am not assailing the sincerity or the earnestness of the German Socialists. I am simply stating the fact that they set the tone of the Socialist world—dominated it. Their very ardor was prompted by the viciousness of the system under which they were reared. But unconsciously they had imbibed of the spirit of that system, even while they—and to be fair about it, the Socialists of the rest of the world likewise—believed themselves to be most implacably fighting it. They steeped Socialism in the class idea to such an extent that it became in their hands scarcely more than the reverse side of the shield of militarism.

"'Death to the people who stand in our way!' is the cry of the Prussian militarist; and 'Death to the people who stand in *our* way' formed similarly the essence of the Socialist cry that proceeded out of Germany and fairly bewitched equality-loving men. All life became, in that strictly German vision, a bitter war of the classes in which no quarter could be given; and the philosophy which on the one side served Potsdam, on the other, strained through sociology, became the bible of the little church of St. Karl Marx.

"We talked peace and we preached peace; but we could do nothing effective to further the cause of peace because, although we really believed we were honest about it, all the while it was war that simmered at our hearts. We were rallied under a war banner, and the more we talked peace the more were we prosecuting that war.

"But now all that is changed. I say this not idealistically; I say it as a man who has seen and knows. The civilized world is fighting today to stamp out this idea of war. We are fighting because that is the only possible way just now of doing it; because—quite aside from the fact that war has been forced on us—you can only convince these people in terms of their own understanding. In the same way the So-

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cialists of the civilized world will level to the ground that church of hate which Karl Marx has reared in the name of equality.

"It is not necessary to love one man less simply because you begin to love another more. If for all expansion in one direction the world had to contract in another, we should not get very far. What I mean is that the Socialist party will no longer be a violently partisan body. That is why I say that it has burst its fetters. There is going to be no room for partisanship in the old sense of the word in this wider world that is coming. The people who try to keep that sort of thing alive—and, of course, there are going to be many short-sighted ones who will try—are doomed. Co-operation as the guiding principle of society's regulation has been steadily gaining ground for many years. Now this war has absolutely and irrevocably established it. The Allies are winning this war through co-operation; the Germans are enabled to keep it going as long as they have only through co-operation. Co-operation is power; and once having had such a stupendous illustration of that fact the world will never go back to its old systems. It would be, to put it in the crudest way, bad business, if nothing more.

"Well, then, that means Socialism without the German accent. We are, as you say in America now, prepared. The international idea is our idea, and we already have the machinery for putting it in force. We ask only for efficiency of management and justice for all men. Do you think here, where nations have been made one through suffering and the work of restoration is a work that concerns all, that these things are going to be difficult to get? Do you think people can live through the great and terrible things that we have lived through together and then immediately begin falling out over the lesser ones?

"Already, for all practical purposes, there is no longer any 'right' nor 'left' in the Chamber of Deputies; there are only brothers. And men do not experience such spiritual uplift and come out unchanged. Furthermore, every nation has seen now that Socialists are not, as so many seemed to

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fear, national enemies. That has eliminated one-half the former opposition to us. The fact that we are no longer, as so largely we were under German domination, simply the laboring man demanding his rights; that we are already making place in our ranks for the small tradesman—the farmer, the clerk, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—all those sections of the *bourgeoisie* that used once to be alienated by the emphasis placed on a ruthless class war, that is disposing of the rest of all the opposition to us that matters. In short, the world has at last caught up with the principles of Socialism, and Socialism, in turn, having thrown off the war idea, bequeathed it by Germany, is today for the first time really fit to assume the leadership that has come to it.

"Of course, it will take some time for us to reach that point; but that is the goal toward which we Socialists are definitely headed—and ultimately it is certain to come. It is the logical outcome of all those things for which the Allies are fighting.

"We demand very definitely the freedom of Poland and the restitution of Belgium and other invaded territories, and, of course, the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Hungary, so far as we are concerned, may be left alone, but Austria must be dismembered as a state, because Austria is not logically nor legitimately a state at all. That is all we demand; but these things will be brought about in any event in the final reckoning—so why should we take the trouble formally to ask for them?

"We must be prepared to be patient with Germany. At the same time, though, you must remember that when Germany has lost this war—as inevitably she must—the reaction among the people there is going to be something tremendous. Just at present, though, I should say from the Socialist standpoint that there was more to be hoped in the long run from those German Socialists who are remaining 'loyal' to the Kaiser than from the men of the Liebnecht stamp who are violently opposing him. The latter are still stultifying in the old class war idea, for all the world as if society had not burst its old bonds. The rest, though, however mistaken they

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may be in other ways, have at least cast that aside. And because that is the first requisite of the new Socialism, these men will, I think, turn out to be the most practically helpful element in Germany after the war.

"The French army is made up of skeptics and unbelievers. I know our *poilus,* I know their attitudes—I have talked with hundreds of them back from the front—and I know exactly how they feel at bottom. I do not wish to seem to underrate the good work so many priests have done in the ranks. We all appreciate that; but beyond that it does not go. A spiritual revival there unquestionably will be—there is—one of the greatest the world has ever known; but a religious one—no!

"You see pictures of hundreds of soldiers going to Mass before battle. Well, a Mass is being held; they know that the chances are they will be killed; there is not very much to do; life is not amusing in the trenches—certainly it can do no harm to go to Mass. Perhaps it might even do a little good. The idea seems absurd; still it can do no harm to try. One might as well avail himself of anything even suggestive of help when one is going to die. Probably it would please their wives at home, too. Yes, certainly it can do no harm—and so they go. And that is absolutely all there is to it. I have talked to them; I know.

"Of course, I dare say a great many women will go to church a good deal after the war. Those who have lost husbands and sons will go to pray for them, and those who have not will go to give thanks that they have not. But that sort of thing does not constitute precisely what one could call a 'religious revival.' The men have learned in this war as never before the lessons of human inter-dependence. They will not be satisfied with any remote heaven. They will insist in making their heaven right here—and so making it that women, who must have their consolations, will no longer have to pray to some far-off heaven for relatives untimely cut down in terrible battles. The big guns of the Boches have showed them that prayers are of not very much avail in the actual business of regulating this world, and no amount of

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Masses or chants is likely, according to what they tell me, to make them forget it.

"I tell the people of America that. I tell them that this army whose prowess and bravery they have admired, this army which has given all so willingly that right might prevail, that has known no hardship too great to undergo for the sake of the freedom of mankind and the children that are unborn—tell them that these are men who expect nor seek no chimerical after-reward. Paint them as they are—this army of the dauntless, the unselfish—an army of skeptics and unbelievers!"

THE GARGOYLE

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

RATHER than some white image of a saint
Immaculate in marble, let there be
The gargoyle, grinning and grotesque, for me,
Showing so markedly the earthly taint!
One stands for freedom; one for pale restraint;
One for wan vigils, one for ecstasy
In living, vital, trammelless and free,—
For virile nature with no plea or plaint.

This is no sacrilege, for I reverence
All lofty aims, all braveries, sacrifice;
All hardships uncomplainingly endured;
But sometimes I rebel against the sense
Of cloistered meekness, and my spirit cries
For the rude, rough, impassioned, unimmured!

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WHAT'S THE MATTER IN ENGLAND?

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE.

Note: This is not an article of personal opinion, nor criticism from an American point of view. It is a compilation of some English opinions, that have affected public men in England and stimulated a stronger government attitude.

"If Asquith and Grey had acted on expert advice, the war would have been over in 1914."—Sir Charles Macara.

IT may be bad manners for us to criticize our ally, but it is surely poor policy for us to ignore the expert criticism of England by her own loyal subjects.

The chief matter with England, they say, is the attempt of the Asquith-Churchill-Grey-Balfour family of statesmen to conduct the war as expert naval and military authorities. No one expects a landscape gardener to step aboard an ocean liner and take competent command of her; no one expects a lawyer to instantly become an expert builder of bridges. Yet, it is about the same proposition for politicians, no matter how clever they may be at diplomacy and statecraft, to undertake to guide the naval and military heads of a great nation engaged in a war to the death.

John Bayne Maclean of Canada, a publisher of note and a loyal British subject, is one of England's most earnest and tireless critics. It was he who, less than a month ago, declared in his own publication that Asquith, Churchill, Grey and Balfour had shown "damnable incompetence" in refusing to listen to the naval and military heads and other great executives of England.

Mr. Maclean wants England and her Allies to win. For many months he has been endeavoring to help England to win by means of his criticism. He is one of many of England's critics, a man of years, a thinking man, a man who has followed for more than a generation, and with the keenness of a trained student, the industrial, military and political

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development of his Mother country. He has been waking them up, of late, over in England. Not long ago Sir Charles Macara cabled him to send copies of his criticism to every member of Parliament, adding, " Such advice is invaluable in our present crisis."

" Why We Are Losing the War " is the title of his latest criticism, in which he says many things that, for obvious reasons, have for the most part, been thought rather than uttered here in the United States.

A year ago he wrote, " Only the Americans can save the naval situation for us." There was a prompt howl from England. He was attacked as " unpatriotic and silly. Since then, English naval officials have gratefully admitted that it was due only to the aid of American naval forces that the U-boat devastation was being kept down and even reduced.

England—official England—cannot stand criticism. Once it used to be, " The King can do no wrong." That phrase has now been adopted by England's statesmen, or by most of them. They seem to feel that, so long as they are in power, it follows naturally that they are amply qualified to fill those positions and that there is no reason for criticism and there should be no criticism.

THE BENEFITS OF CRITICISM

Almost every big change and every big move in England that has worked for the good of the conduct of their share in the war has resulted from public clamor. English censors, under orders from English statesmen, not from naval and military authorities, have been attempting to conceal everything from the British public that was not roseate in hue—and for the most part succeeded admirably in this. But now and then blunders have occurred and disasters have resulted that even the censors dare not entirely cover up. Instantly, as is to be expected of a free people, the English public put up a righteous howl. The results have always been for the best, for the improvement of conditions.

Here in America we expect criticism. We court it. The public official who is never criticized begins to feel that he is

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such a small toad in such an immense puddle that neither he nor his office amounts to much.

We believe in criticism and we believe in investigation. Many investigations go for naught. But many others result in two things—righting in-so-far as possible the wrong, and keeping close watch that it does not occur again. This is the system England's critics—her own people who have only her welfare at heart—are trying to establish there.

Maclean, the Toronto publisher, declares that failures and disappointments have been England's share during the past twelve months and that war conditions are growing steadily worse. He feels that today the general outlook is about as black as it can be. A great shock to England's pride is the "insane strategy forced upon our military by interfering politicians!" He uses names fearlessly. His exact words concerning some of them are:

"The Asquith-Churchill-Grey-Balfour family laid down very definite objects which we proposed to attain—which could easily have been attained but for the damnable incompetence and the refusal of these men to listen to the naval and military heads and other great experts of the nation!"

The greatest distress to the English seems to be the shading down of England's war aims. Lloyd George, Henderson and others now say that it was never intended to humiliate the Germans by war or to exterminate them in a business way after. The Paris Economic Conference, Mr. Maclean maintains, was a joke, made up of unpractical men. Asquith refused to allow such a practical man as Premier Hughes of Australia to attend. "It looks as though we were now being prepared for a compromise peace with Germany. Any peace but the complete defeat of Germany means a German victory. Germany could give up and indemnify Belgium and France, give up Alsace-Lorraine and all her colonies, and still win the war. More important to Germany are Austria-Hungary, the Balkans and Turkey. They will become part of a German Empire."

British "dignity" is another thing that seems to be the matter in England. British recruiting in Boston and New

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York furnishes a most enlightening example of how this sort of "dignity" hurts England. Colonel Guthrie, a New Brunswick lawyer, member of the Legislature and a clever local politician, was not obsessed with British dignity. He had British pluck in plenty. His regiment was practically wiped out in France and he went to Boston to recruit men for a new battalion. In England he was told, not by army men but by "statesmen," that he would have no success in Boston. "The city has been worked," they said, and added, "Boston has a strong Irish, Home-Rule, anti-British mayor."

Colonel Guthrie knew all this. He was no stranger in Boston. He was more of a Yankee than a Britisher in matter of personality, and a good politician of the British province sort. It was not receptions and fetes and banquet speeches and encomiums he was after, but men to help fight the Huns. And so, instead of sitting in his hotel and sending formal announcement that he had arrived, he went out and hunted up the mayor, literally slapped him on the back, told his story and asked him to help. It was an approach that pleased; it was human, and the request was made in a manner that no real man could refuse. The mayor dropped everything and started in to help the colonel, and before long the mayor had all the "boys" and all the newspapers helping in the work. When the mayor and the colonel had their last drink together in a saloon in a strong Irish ward at the end of the first day's recruiting, they were calling each other by their first names. No outsider ever got a more cordial reception or more prompt and efficient cooperation. He needed 500 men. They told him in England that he couldn't get fifty there. At the end of a few days he had 2,000 men and had to stop recruiting.

This success amazed the British authorities in New York and they promptly sent for Colonel Guthrie to come over right away and assist them in recruiting in the "big city." He went, but was not allowed to call on the Gotham mayor and slap him on the back and call him by his first name. No, indeed, that wasn't British dignity! The procedure must be dignified. A public meeting was called, opened with

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prayer and conducted in the usual orthodox style. The clergy and other distinguished citizens were on the platform, fashionable society was in the audience—but none of the "boys" who might enlist. The colonel was well entertained, always formally. But the only time any of the men who might enlist saw him was when he was marching at the head of his pipers through the streets, and one week's work netted exactly fifty-seven recruits!

WHERE THE FAULT LIES

It was not the fault of Colonel Guthrie, or of the men with him on the mission—they were all splendid soldiers and also human beings. It was the fault of the British system—the dignity. That's another thing that is the matter in England.

"At the time of the Marne," says Maclean, "everything was in our favor. Now we can win only by the grace of God!"

He stoutly maintains that the cause of the British failure and losses was that clique of incompetent professional politicians in London who refused to resign or to bring in the experts who knew how to meet the enemy on equal terms.

There is not the slightest reason to believe that England's critics are unpatriotic or that they would not personally make any sacrifice for their country. It is no inconsiderable sacrifice to openly attack England in these days when any criticism seems to be regarded by the officials, or by most of them, as little short of what the world has long made fun of in Germany—Lese Majeste.

Mr. Maclean and others have been bitterly attacked as unpatriotic, as harming England. Even Viscount Northcliffe was bitterly attacked for his fearless criticism and it is an open secret that when he was sent over here, ostensibly to synchronize the purchase of supplies, it was really the work of men Maclean calls "do-nothings," who wanted to get a dangerous critic out of the way. Personally, there is not a thing for England's critics to gain and much—very much indeed—for them to lose. But they are sincere, there is no

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doubt but what they are accurate in their criticisms, and while what they have to say scandalizes dignified and self-complacent British officialdom of the class Mr. Maclean has named, the results are beneficial. It all stirs up the British public, the clamor comes and only good results—good that should have been done long ago and without the necessity of criticism.

This particular critic believes—or did believe in February of this year—that the great advantages are decidedly on the side of Germany. Yet, he declares, when the Germans have massed vastly superior numbers they have not once won a decisive victory. In a clean-cut fair fight the British soldiers have not been defeated during the war. To suffer losses, to suffer temporary retirement, is not defeat. Germany has the advantage because she is making the war a business; she has figured out every detail of war as a manufacturer figures out every detail of profit and loss, everything else has stood aside, only experts have been used in Germany. No man in civil life has had so much as one word to say, or has even been allowed to suggest a war movement. England should have made war a business from the very start.

Perhaps England's English critics would not openly criticize America, as a matter of courtesy. Yet America has been more or less criticized in the English press, but never by Englishmen who have been over here in official capacity and learned the truth of what we had done and were doing. Praise has been given us by English observers, men qualified to judge, and men in a position to understand. But not much of that official praise has crept into English print.

We criticize ourselves and talk openly about needing better fitted men in certain places. Yet England's critics declare, "America is doing splendidly because she has called in experts; she has sought expert advice and help everywhere and listened to suggestions everywhere, only to have experts sift these and take advantage of the best of them. This is something England has not done, this is one of the things that is the matter in England today."

"America," says Maclean, "eliminates incompetents as

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rapidly as possible and speedily exposes offenders, no matter how highly placed they may be. We (England) have refused right along to consider a policy of conscripting our experts, and *we reward our incompetents!* Because of this, through no fault of our army, we are losing the war. It is only by exposing the rotten state of political affairs at our Imperial Headquarters, and the reasons therefor, and by adopting the remedies that suggest themselves to any man with good ordinary common sense that we can hope to turn the tide and win the war."

Here in America—and of course in France, although they are too polite to comment over there—we smile at the English phrase: "*We* will win the war." The United States does not expect to win the war alone, nor are we saying anything about how "we" will win the war. What we are saying is that we intend to *help* win the war. England's habit of constantly saying and publishing the words "*we* will win the war," may possibly be another thing that is the matter in England. It isn't serious, but it savors of smugness and smugness isn't going to win anything. It will hinder a whole lot.

England's diplomats have been accused of muddling their diplomacy. Over-confidence in the early days has been pointed out as another English fault—"over-confidence of our politicians and their incapacity—from the criminal actions of Asquith and Churchill, in direct opposition to the advice of our naval and military experts. All Canada will be amazed and disgusted with the tales of helplessness, inefficiency and plain unadulterated graft that have gone unpunished and under which the British have aided Germany to obtain the supplies she most needed to defeat us!"

Strong criticism, this, but it is from a strong man, a Canadian and, withal, a patriotic British subject.

The men in power in England have "fed up" the people on wonderful yarns about conditions in Germany. Germany herself, for military reasons, sent out stories of her starving condition from time to time. According to the stories in English papers, Germany was about to totter and collapse on

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an empty stomach. At first it was cheering news, but as time went on and one year followed another and Germany refused to collapse and her stomach did not become empty to a point of collapse, the people in England became uneasy, puzzled, worried and grew rather distrustful.

Over here we got the same stories. But right beside them we printed the articles, by competent writers who knew, to the effect that Germany was not starving or anywhere near it. Germany was on rations, civilian Germany. Her people were wearing poorer clothes and eating less and poorer food, but her soldiers were warmly clad and well fed. And so most of us here could read both sides. It didn't take much thinking for us to decide that since Germany was standing up so well, the stories that she was starving could not be true and that writers who said she was nowhere near starvation were right.

In the first months of the war, England was suddenly startled to hear that an important British firm, a partner in which was a member of the Cabinet, had been selling metals to the enemy! It was called "oversight" then. It was the late Sir William Ramsay, together with many other noted British subjects, who pointed out what every thinking man should know—that not a single German mine, torpedo, shell, machine gun or rifle could be fired without the use of cotton. It was known that Germany's supply was small, probably no more than would last two or three months. It was Sir Charles Macara who strongly urged that England buy and store all available cotton and, by means of the navy, prevent as far as possible any cotton from getting into Germany. He publicly stated that had cotton been declared contraband by England at the outbreak of the war, the war would have been over by Christmas, 1914, or at the very latest, by March, 1915.

It was put up to Sir Edward Grey, who did nothing for more than a year, despite the clamor of the press and the people, including scientists and other experts who knew their grounds thoroughly. On one occasion Sir Edward Grey declared:

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"His Majesty's Government has never put cotton on the list of contraband. They have throughout the war left it on the free list and on every occasion when questioned on the point they have stated their intention of adhering to this practice."

Is it possible that aged precedent and stubbornness may be included in what is the matter with England?

Meanwhile—this was early in 1915—Germany was meeting with successes. Accordingly the British people were becoming desperate. The cotton question was continually agitated. It was something the censors could not stop and on August 11, 1915, there was a mass-meeting in Queen's Hall, London, where so much was said about the situation, and said so bitterly, that Lord Grey had to make cotton a contraband, which he did within a few days after this meeting.

Criticism *does* help. This is but one of many examples. Not enough criticism seems to be another thing the matter in England. It was rather late to put cotton on the contraband list, but a case of better late than never. Millions of pounds of cotton had been pouring into Germany in anticipation of this action. The public clamor as well as the criticism that preceded it, was heard in Germany. If the first whispered word to Sir Edward Grey had been acted upon at once Germany would have had no warning and—after a couple of months—mighty little cotton. Within a month after it was declared contraband Germany's textile mills began to close down, or to resort to paper and other make-shifts for clothes, while woolen yarn jumped to $40 and $50 a pound!

ENGLAND REFUSES TO LISTEN

Not warned by this lesson, English firms sold wool to neutrals which was promptly sent into Germany—or much of it—and so England's sheep were grazing on England's downs and growing wool to be made into uniforms to cloth German soldiers sent out to kill England's sons. It was not until November, 1917, that such exports were stopped.

A statesman would not be expected to consider cement as a necessary article of war. He might see where explosives and ordnance and uniforms and food would be necessary, but

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that would be about all. An expert military man would say, instantly the subject were mentioned, "Cement? Certainly we need it, we need it for fortifications and especially for lining the wet trenches of Flanders."

But many English statesmen did not take military advice, according to undisputed critics. The English soldiers suffered terribly and many were invalided because of standing in water knee-deep on the western front. When they met with successes later and took trench after trench from the Germans, what did they find? The German trenches were as dry as the inside of a church. They were protected with cement walls and floors. And all that time it was a case of great odds against the British boys, for who will assert that a cold, mud-caked, shivering soldier knee or waist-deep in water can fight as well as a clean, dry and warm soldier?

Where was Germany getting all this cement? England had a difficult time getting anything of the sort over to the front, and few of her trenches were worthy the name. Meanwhile Holland's importations of cement from England doubled and trebled. Why Holland's sudden demand for so much cement? Because Germany was buying it—at top prices!

"And the worst feature," continues the critic, "is that our Foreign Office knew it! For a third time a protest has been made to Mr. Balfour on this score and, according to the cables, the Foreign Office replied that it made no difference as Germany could get plenty of cement elsewhere and it was necessary to send cement to Holland to maintain the rate of exchange!"

Has England been buncoing Uncle Sam? J. B. Maclean says so in no unmistakable terms:

"The stories of how British shipping companies used their pull, even at Canada's expense, to pile up huge profits for themselves are well known in Canada; but the most outrageous graft of all was played upon the United States. Britain, in desperate straits for food, appealed to the United States for help. A line of steamers belonging to Americans was taken off a very profitable route and used to convey food

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across the Atlantic. The Americans were amazed to find not long afterwards that the abandoned route had been appropriated by a well-known Britisher—not a shipping man at all—whose influence was so great that he was able to commandeer British Government ships to go on the route for his personal profit. An investigation is now in progress which, it is alleged, involves an already wealthy Englishman in what promises to be one of the biggest scandals of the war."

We have long suspected—to put it politely—that the British censorship was being overdone. One critic says it has been one of England's greatest handicaps in the war, for reasons already made clear here. He says the censors have been childish, silly, idiotic, like the Asquith-Grey-Haldane crowd of politicians who controlled them.

That censorship which suppressed information the public had a right to possess has proved to be one of the very big things that is the matter in England. When the censors could no longer withhold the truth about labor troubles, public safety demanded that the labor wrongs be righted and they were, to a very large degree. Without question it was the publicity tactics of Premier Hughes of Australia that forced the retirement of Asquith, Churchill and Grey. The slaughter of the sons of Australia in the Dardanelles campaign aroused Australia. She knew something that was the matter in England and sent her Premier there. He was afraid of no one and in a publicity campaign that defied all censorship he made things hum and made the dignified "My-word-yes" statesmen take to cover.

"We lost Bulgaria because Grey refused to spend a million dollars necessary to hold them," is another criticism. A statesman might not see the value of holding Bulgaria, but a military expert wouldn't hesitate, in face of conditions, to pay a million or a hundred million to hold Bulgaria, and we have been told that England's statesmen refused to listen to the advice of military experts.

LLOYD GEORGE—A CONSTRUCTION CRITIC

Lloyd George is in favor with most of England's critics.

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"The matter in England," said one critic, "is that we haven't enough Lloyd Georges!"

Yet Lloyd George has been forced to fight the old political gang there, and is still forced to fight so much that he is hampered in his untiring efforts to accomplish those things necessary for helping to bring about victory.

"Canada is not so docile as they are in the Mother country," says Mr. Maclean, "and the future of our relations with the Mother country may depend upon what happens in the next few months. Lord Shaughnessy, that able and far-seeing man, argued last summer in conversation with a group of prominent men, that, as a result of war developments, Canada was more likely to drift into *independence* after the war than into closer relationship with the Mother country! And there are a great many of us who have always fought and made sacrifices for British Imperialism, who are being driven to the same conclusions by the mismanagement, the selfishness and crookedness in Imperial affairs!"

All of these critics are big men, thinking men, conservative men, men who love England despite certain groups of statesmen in power. They are not finding fault at blunders and mistakes in actual fighting, they know that their military leaders have been greatly hampered by certain statesmen at home who scarcely know the difference between the firing step of a trench and a limber of a cannon.

Their constant and increasing criticism is certain to result in much good. These critics are sincere, intelligent and far-seeing men.

If there is anything the matter in England the onus is being placed where it belongs. The Englishman is the most caustic and constant critic of himself—and prefers to do it himself. He brooks no tolerant attitude toward the outsider. He prefers to clean up his own house. He seems to be doing it in his own thorough housekeeping manner.

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AFTER YOUTH

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

SHE was an Irishwoman. She was sentimental and emotional. But seldom had she given way to hysteria.

But today her nerves were a quivering tangle of thin, tortured wires. Her heavy, loose-lipped mouth dropped and sagged in a pitiful downward curve. There were hectic spots on her thin, high cheek-bones, and her blue eyes were red-rimmed, smarting. The Adam's-apple in her scrawny throat moved up and down convulsively, as a ball of glass plays in a fountain. She was choking with dry sobs.

She stood in the kitchen, looking out of the window from which the torn, black mosquito-veiling was hanging in a sodden, hopeless mass. For it had rained the night before, and heavy drops had beaten in through the window. The garbage pail was a stinking abomination, overflowing with refuse, egg-shells and coffee-grounds and rancid bacon-drippings and here and there stumps of Virginia cigarettes. The shelves showed a motley collection of cheap chinaware, some blue, some white, with a gold rim, some imitation Delft, but all cracked, chipped, stained, dirty. The sour smell from the biscuit-tin which did duty as bread-box was overpowering. In the corner there was a roller-towel, black and limp and disgusting. There was a huge spot near its top which looked like a grinning, obscene black maw.

The other houses in the pretty little suburb were surrounded with the glory of green lawn and smiling, odorous spring flowers. Her yard was rank with sun-yellowed, dusty weeds, foul, useless things, without beauty or meaning. There were the Brugschers next door, nice, kindly, simple German folk. Every evening Jimmy Brugscher worked in the garden when he came home from work. His fat, yellow-haired wife kissed him and laughed noisily, delightedly, when he brought in an extra plate of lima beans, an extra handful of flowers, a specially crisp head of lettuce.

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The woman compared the two gardens, and then she nearly cried. She loved green things and flowers. She remembered the red-blooming window boxes of her mother's house in Dublin.

She shivered—and it was a warm August morning, with a brazen sky, cloudless, and red-hot sun rays shooting down.

A pitiful little cry came from the next room. Her small daughter was clamoring for food. She was a pretty wee thing, though thin and pale and emaciated so that her eyes looked like big, black splotches. The woman thought that there was an accusing look in those innocent, childish eyes.

"Food," she murmured, and nearly laughed. "Food; oh, yes."

She went to the ice-chest, which had not seen ice for a week, and took out a remnant of sour milk which she had begged from the Borden man three days ago. There were some cold, boiled potatoes in the ice-chest. She hesitated, then pushed the plate back again.

She fed the little girl, holding her close. There was a certain happiness in that warm, near body after all. Tenderness came over her like a hot wave, and she kissed her child—once, twice, a dozen times.

Then she straightened up with a hopeless gesture. A thin querulous voice came from upstairs.

"Jane, Jane—where's my tea. I've been waiting for that confounded tea for ever so long."

The voice died in a wavering, whining treble.

The woman put the child down and rose. She went to the foot of the stairs and spoke in a loud voice.

"Yes, Patrick, dear; just a minute. The water is nearly boiling. I've been feeding baby."

There was a muttering of words drifting down the stairs.

"The little brat—the damned little beast."

She went to the cupboard and took a pinch of cheap Japanese tea from a little red box. Then she filled the teapot and took a cup and saucer and a spoonful of granulated

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sugar. She was half-way up the stairs when the man spoke again.

"I say, Jane; are there any more cigarettes?"

"You know you smoked the last one yesterday after dinner."

"Well, see then if there aren't a few stumps on the ash tray. I am going to think about the plot of my new story. I simply must have a smoke."

"All right, Boy."

She found a few discouraged-looking cigarette stumps and took them up, together with the tea. A minute later she was back in her kitchen. A gust of wind came through the window and stirred the unsavory odors from the garbage-pail. She shivered with nausea and disgust. Suddenly she snatched up the little girl and stepped out on the front porch, where the air was at least pure and sweet.

She sat down, hand on chin, bent over in a dejected curve so that the bones of her ill-fitting corsets showed through her dingy gingham dress. She stared at the pine trees across the road with dull, hopeless eyes.

She looked at the golden sun-shadows dancing in and out among the leaves. They were like thin, quivering tongues of flame, emerald and purple and orange, and it seemed to her that she was seeing pictures in them. But they were not pleasant pictures—not like the soft evening dreams she used to see in the ruby-red coals of the hearth at home, in Dublin, when she was a wondering, expectant child. Then she saw pictures of the future. Now she saw pictures of her past life.

"Past life?"

She shuddered at the thought. Dear Mary, Mother of God—her past life—and she was only twenty-seven years of age, twenty-seven; and she counted the gliding, swinging years as past, spoilt, bitter with harsh meaning.

How happy she had been on that day when young Patrick O'Neill came out of the County Armagh! How she had smiled and blushed when her mother had shown him the little room upstairs, and he had said it was fine. "A guinea

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a week, including board, Mrs. Townsend? Why, ripping!" He'd move in that very night.

Of course, he went to Trinity University. And so did she. For her mother, middle-class, and shabbily middle-class to the eyes of the snobbish, unobserving shop-people, had still some remnants of brave, decrepit gentility tucked about her thin, pale, old flesh. Jane must go to Trinity. Her father had been a gentleman, a Latin scholar who knew his Virgil and Sallust, a maker of splendid verse.

Jane was glad of the learning she acquired, but most glad was she at the bond of intimacy which the University forged between her and the new boarder. They read and studied together. And when he bowled for the 'Varsity team she was there to cheer him. She remembered the long winter evenings, with the soft snow tapping gently at the windows, her mother asleep in the comfy old Windsor, the tabby on the rug manicuring her nails, and she and young Patrick talking of Ireland, of the new spirit, the future. Why, Ireland's future meant themselves. They were of the new generation. The future was theirs, a golden gift to conquer and fashion and hold. There was Yeats, Hyde, George Moore—yes—they had broken the path, they had shown the way, they had planted the seed. Now for them to follow and build and garner, for them to do likewise—or better.

Often he read her snatches of poetry—fine, golden, lisping harmonies he had written. Also bits from the great, clanking epic at which he was working. It was good, thoroughly good. There was no doubt of that. Patrick had the little divine spark which God gives to artists, and there was fire in his word-rolling rhapsodies—fire and the swing of pathos, the flavor of feeling, the fine, blue-black veil of Celtic twilight.

He would make a name for himself, even bigger than the others who had gone before. A new Prophet had arisen in Israel! And (for by this time they had whispered of love) she would stand by his side, criticising, helping, encouraging, and then, soon, soon, sharing in the white glory of his achievement, the golden-green crown which Ireland and

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Britain would wind around his head; and not only the home isles, also America, the new, great republic where so many of his countrymen had gone. Surely, they would give him welcome—an Irish welcome, with tears beneath the riot of exploding joy.

So the brave, laughing years of youth had rolled on, holding forth glad promises. He was a brilliant scholar. His teachers were proud of him. One or two of his poems had appeared in good reviews and papers. And if once in a while he exaggerated a little—why, you couldn't call it lying. He was a poet. Imagination was part of his stock in trade. And if once in a while she detected a little soft spot of weakness in his character she loved him the more for it, because she was glad that her young demi-god had at least one human frailty.

She remembered the day of his graduation. The crowd, the laughter, the sweet, mad joy of it all. How the others had cheered him! How big, red-headed Jerry McMahon had slapped him on the back, had hailed him the future bard of young Ireland. No! He would be more than a mere verse-making bard; he would be the interpreter of the conquering Celtic spirit—he would be that golden spirit itself.

And that night, hand in hand, they had again sat near the glowing coals in the hearth. Her mother was sleeping the light, gentle sleep of age, a soft smile playing about the corners of her thin, drawn lips. And she and her beloved Patrick had mapped out their future. Marriage? Why, of course; at once. Why wait? Why waste the sweet desires of youth, since fortune and fame and future was sitting at his door, a willing slave? They would go to America. He had been promised letters of introduction to prominent Irish politicians, to Irish bankers, to an Irish Bishop or two. These letters would make everything easy. They knew exactly, those two lovers, how everything would shape itself.

Why, they knew other brilliant youngsters who had graduated from Trinity with honors and who had gone to England, armed with introductions to men who sat in Parliament or who were powers in the narrow confines of Lombard

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and Bishopsgate Streets. They had done splendidly. And so she and Patrick would do even more splendidly, in America, which was so much bigger than tight little England. He would be a modern Swift, making the houses of the wealthy and cultured his home by right of genius. He would be acclaimed. His poems, and later on his novels (for, of course, he was going to write big, powerful novels) would startle the new continent from shore to shore.

So they had married and had packed themselves and their wedding presents off to America. At the pier they had held a reception. Everybody had come to see them off—her mother, big Jerry McMahon, John O'Connell, Danny Keowne and many others. There had been laughter and tears and wishes.

They had gone second class. But what did that matter? Were they not going to the land of democracy, the New Utopia, the big, square home of unlimited possibilities? In a few years they would drive their own coach-and-four.

Those first few weeks in New York had been a little disillusioning. The food at the boarding-house was strange, not very appetizing. The men to whom he had letters of introduction were busy, very hurried. Oh, yes; of course; letter from their old chum back in Dublin. All right; come back in the morning; they'd try and give him a chance. And when he returned in the morning they offered him jobs—damn their impudence—jobs at $10 per week and told him he should be glad of the chance. They did not care a tinker's curse about his honor degree; Latinity had no charms for them, and the little jingles in the funny column of the evening paper were as much poetry as they could stand.

Finally he had to bury his pride and had taken a job with a firm of publishers who were compiling a Catholic cyclopædia. He laughed light-heartedly. He knew it was only temporary. They would soon acknowledge his genius, and then fame and money would come rolling in barrels.

His work kept him busy at the office from early in the morning until a fairly late hour in the evening. It was quite

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an effort to make him get up in the morning. But the novelty of the thing amused them both.

"Never mind, sweetheart," he used to say. "It's no end of a chance to study new characters, new conditions, a new milieu for my novels, my short stories."

Oh, yes; his novels, his short stories!

He wrote a good many of the latter in the evenings, on Sundays. But the editors always and promptly returned them with a polite printed slip:

"We thank you for your courtesy in offering us the accompanying manuscript and regret that we cannot use it for our magazine."

At first they laughed light-heartedly at the cool, impersonal tone of the little slips. But after a while they dreaded to find one of those long, heavy, portentous envelopes in their morning mail.

About this time Patrick lost his position for vague reasons which she never quite understood. He hunted for another one and finally he found a small berth with a daily paper. It was dry, nasty, prosaic work—reporting the police courts and the drab, crass happenings of the streets and gutters.

He switched from one paper to another, and they switched from one two-room flat to another. There was many a stormy interview with irate landlord and janitor, many a poor little piece of furniture which had to remain behind, and once (how she had cried) a trunk which contained her two good dresses and his evening suit.

Their old, joyous intimacy seemed to be scotched at times. There was something intangible in the air, very intangible and not at all nice. She could not make it out. But then she was about to become a mother, and, with feminine instinct, she decided it must be her physical condition which made things, including her beloved Patrick, seem so gray and hopeless at times. So she was silent about it and welcomed him home at night with the same old fresh, red-lipped smile, the strong cup of Ceylon tea which was more than food to him.

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Once in a while he sold a short poem for a few dollars, and then the old dreams would swing back again into the circle of their hopes and visions. They would rush out to a little irresponsible impromptu spree, and for the span of a festive evening they would return to their old youthful gaiety.

They met a few people, some Irish, some Americans. But their social relations puzzled her. At first they were fascinated with him. He was such good company, brilliant, clever, soft-spoken. Then there would always be a sudden estrangement. She could not understand it. Also at times she felt humiliated. For she would have to listen to the tales he told about himself and his people at home—how he was the descendant of innumerable belted earls, how he was *the* O'Neill, the last of the Ulster O'Neills. Then he would launch into magnificent and poetic descriptions of the ruined seat of his race, including the family ghost, the family banshee, and the old war yell of his clan. She knew his family. She knew the little crazy, rickety house of his widowed mother in County Armagh. She knew the country doctors and solicitors and excise men, who were his real kith and kin. But, loyal wife, she could not contradict him in public. So she had to uphold his lies, indirectly, silently. But every once in a while, when he told a specially ornate and embroidered tale, she would detect a little laugh, an amused sneer on the faces of the listeners. And it hurt her to the quick. Why—these shop-keeping Philistines did not understand her beloved Boy; they did not understand that he was a poet, with a golden, winged imagination, an artistic temperament.

Then her child was born, and a month or two later he had the first taste of the fruit of success. How well she remembered the morning. There was a little gray envelope with the name and address of a prominent magazine, and then the letter, the beautiful, splendid, darling letter:

"We have accepted your story, *The Silent Watches of the Night,* for our publication, and beg to enclose check for $250. We hope that you will let us see more of your work."

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How they had kissed each other, how they had laughed and cried with the great, deep joy of it! At last he was being recognized. At last he had drawn the good sword of success. At last the dear dreams had come true. It was a spring day, blue and golden and smiling. The sun was calling them out. So they had rushed downstairs, had cashed their check, had bought a few necessaries, hats and boots and ties and the darlingest little lacy French blouse in all the world, and that night they had a celebration—dinner at the Claridge, then the Follies, then a cabaret, and a fitting wind-up at Jack's.

Of course, Patrick had given up his position immediately. Henceforth he must burn incense to the one and only Muse. No more drab, demeaning, soul-killing newspaper work for him. It was the writing of big things he would have to do; big, fine things. The editors would beg him for more, always more, and always the checks would be larger. In the fall they would pay a little visit home, to Ireland, and they would come as gracious conquerors, flushed with success.

But at first there was a little disappointment. It is true that he threw himself into his work with a fine energy. But the next stories, sent to the same magazine, came back. Other publications followed suit. Well, never mind, they told each other, we've broken into the game; they can't keep us out. Still, the check from the editor did not last forever, and so, with jokes and laughter they had gone to a pawnshop and had raised money on a few things they had, wedding presents. After all, they had no use for that clumsy silver coffee urn of Aunt Fanny's; those horrid, ornate silver bonbon dishes.

After a while he had sold another story or two, to lesser publications, for smaller amounts. And there had been more impromptu celebrations. But again they had to resort to the hospitable place surmounted by the three gilt balls, and their sideboard began to look rather bare.

Patrick was changing. He was becoming irritable.

"Good heavens, Jane, I can't work with that baby squalling about my knees—the confounded little brat."

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And he would take pad and pencil and walk down to the Public Library on Forty-second Street to do his work.

There were ugly, sordid scenes once in a while. But they loved each other, after all. There were always tears and kisses, and they would make up. But in the depth of her own heart she knew that Patrick was changing, that the generous Irish lad she had known and loved and married at home was becoming selfish—that was it, selfish. When he came home at night he was angry and nervous. The tea was cold, the food was poor—how could an artist accomplish anything under such vile living conditions, he asked. He didn't want to seem grouchy or selfish, "But, Jane, dearest, do go next door to the Jew and pawn that gold watch of yours. We must have a few things. I've forgotten what oysters taste like. And I simply must have cigarettes, otherwise I can't work."

And so her little things went one by one. And then one day her wedding ring went into the coffers of Israel. How she had cried. But it had to be done. Patrick was a genius, an artist, a maker of splendid verse and prose. The path was thorny, but it had to be trodden. She could not expect him to bend his body and lower his head in a vile, smelly office. She dried her tears and tried to convince herself that she was glad and proud of the sacrifice. After all, it was her Patrick, her beloved Boy, she was doing it for.

So the years had rolled into the dark. They were years of drab care and misery, with once in a great while a sudden crimson flash of success, quickly spent and as quickly forgotten. Once or twice she had asked Patrick to take a steady position with some newspaper or publishing firm and to do his literary work in the evenings, as a side issue, until success came to stay. But the answer was always the same. He had the gift. He was a writer, an artist. He was going to stick to his craft. Yes, of course he knew there was the little baby—fatherhood, responsibilities—but just let her have a little more patience. He had it in him to win out.

And he really had the gift to put words together. His English was beautiful and faultless. He had style and bril-

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liancy. But he missed the vital punch which makes a story a seller. He could never understand why the tales which interested and delighted him in the moment of conceiving and writing them did not appeal to the editors. Of course, he knew that there was such a thing as public taste and opinion, and that the American public preferred American stories. So Ireland, the land which he loved and knew how to visualize, was practically tabooed as a field of literary exploitation. He did turn to America for a source of inspiration. But he could not understand the great republic. From the start he had misread her shining lessons. *America does hold out a chance for everybody.* But it demands two qualities in the lover who would woo her fancies—a small dose of humility and a large dose of vital energy. And Patrick possessed neither the one nor the other.

She blushed painfully at the recollection how they had exploited all their friends and acquaintances; borrowing money right and left, never even thinking of repaying. How Patrick had cursed his friends when they asked him to repay the loans! The borrowed amounts had become smaller and smaller. They had used all manners of shameful, petty subterfuges to obtain a few dollars. Good God! Many a time she had to borrow a loaf of bread from a neighbor, a pint of milk, a few potatoes, a tin of sardines, a few slices of bacon.

It had been about this time that her beloved Boy had begun to lose his physical and mental hold over her. One day, with a sudden, merciless shock, she had discovered that her love for him was dead. The feeling had come over night. It seemed to her that the clean, generous Irish lad she had married was dead and buried; that an utter stranger had usurped his place. She saw in a horrible, clear flash that this stranger was not quite clean, that his fingernails were ill kept, that some of his front teeth were brown and decayed.

That day she cried hysterically, helplessly. And at night, when Patrick came home she did not kiss him. It was the first time since their marriage that she did not greet him with a kiss. But he did not even notice it. He was blind—blind in his mean, self-centered selfishness.

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Shortly afterward they had met John Mason, with his tales of the West—the prairies, the hills, the—no, no, no. She did not want to think of John Mason.

A few days later she wrote to her mother asking her to send two hundred dollars by cable. She hated to do it. She knew that her mother could not afford it. But Patrick made her do it.

"There's no reason, my dear, why you shouldn't ask her. You're her daughter. I'll give it back to her. Just wait until I sell my new story. It's going to be a big one."

Oh, yes. They were always going to be big ones.

Her mother had sent the money, and a dear, darling, loving letter. They had taken the money and left over-night for a Jersey suburb, leaving everything unpaid behind them. She had felt wretched about it. It had seemed to her that they were like criminals, trying to escape from just punishment. But he had laughed a big, irresponsible laugh.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Jane? I think it's a jolly good joke to do these damned duns."

So they had taken this little house, with the gray, rickety porch, the small dingy kitchen, the garden rank with dusty weeds. They had been here now six weeks. The two hundred dollars were spent, all but a few cents. The shop people refused to give them any more credit. It was the same old story.

It was all so hopeless, so sordid, so gray.

She had lost her beauty, her girlish freshness, her pretty milk-and-blood Irish complexion. Her soul was a half-dead thing, quite used up, dry, empty and useless.

But was it really useless? Suppose it was still of use to somebody else?

She looked at the grim pine trees, as if they could give answer to her silent question. Was there nothing more to live for? She put her hand over her beating heart. And she felt a letter hidden in the bodice of her gown, a crumpled, often-read letter.

It was signed "John Mason."

They had met him three years ago at the house of friends. He was a Western man who made frequent business

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trips to New York. He had always managed to see her when he came East. Patrick had borrowed money from him, of course. And one day, without warning, without preamble, without any romantic phrases, he had told her in his rough, direct, Western way that he loved her. He had asked her bluntly to divorce "that worthless husband of yours" and to marry him. She had tried to feel insulted, but she had not succeeded.

He had seen her again, a few weeks ago, just after they had moved to the suburb, and he had again pleaded his cause. She had felt dazed. The whole thing had seemed unreal. Why—mirrors do not lie. She knew that her beauty, her physical attraction was gone. Passion was therefore out of the question with John Mason.

Was it real love? Was this her great chance?

And now he had written her. It was a strong, simple, masterful letter. It was quite different from the beautiful, inspired prose-lyrics which Patrick had written to her years ago in Dublin, when he was on occasional visits to his mother in County Armagh. John asked her to send him a wire, to decide one way or the other—Yes or No. If she was willing to trust him, if she could find a little love for him in her heart, she should tear out her stakes. She should bring the child with her. He would love the little girl as his own. Out there, on the prairies, she would grow and develop splendidly. There would be no trouble and but little delay. There was Nevada. There were the humane laws of the big West, which gave a woman a chance to reconstruct a spoilt, broken life. So she must decide. She must wire him one way or the other.

The woman thought for a long time. After all, she had done the full of her duty to Patrick. And it had been useless, hopeless. Her love was dead. And there was duty toward herself, toward the little girl. Big John Mason would love her as his own. And Mason was a fine man, a successful man, straight and square and simple. Yes, she owned to herself with a start, she loved him.

But she was afraid. There were her people at home—

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her mother, her friends. What would they say? What would the Church say? Was it not cowardly to leave Patrick?

What should she do?

"I say, Jane." Her husband's voice came from the upper story window. "Won't you go down to the village and see if that bounder of a Hegemann won't let you have a couple of packages of cigarettes on tick? I must have a smoke."

"But, Patrick, I can't."

He interrupted her savagely, arrogantly.

"Well, you've got to. I can't work unless I smoke. And I'm hanged if I go and let that shop-keeping bounder insult me. Be a good girl and go. After all, you owe me some duty."

The woman arose.

"All right, Boy."

She walked down to the village, composing in her mind the telegram she would send to John Mason.

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THE CRUSHING OF SERBIA

By MAJOR MADAME SAINT CLAIRE STOBART

Madame Stobart, an Englishwoman, organized the Woman's Convoy Corps and did notable work in Bulgaria, in Belgium, and in France, remaining there until the outbreak of typhus in Serbia, when she left with her field hospital volunteer unit. After heroic work at Kragujevatz, the Serbian headquarters, she was appointed Commander of a flying field-hospital at the Serbian front. It is of that experience that she tells—a woman's part in the terrible eight hundred miles retreat of the Serbian army under German guns.

FROM our hospital at Kragujevatz, on September 24, 1914, I was suddenly summoned before the Chief of the Army Medical Department, Colonel Guentchitch. He asked me if I would, with a portion of the unit, accompany the Serbian Army to the front as a flying field-hospital. I replied that I should be glad to be of service in any way. The Colonel continued:

"We should be happy if you would take command of the column. We ask you, without the supervision of Serbian officers, to take entire charge of material and equipment, as well as of the staff, British and Serbian. This is, I believe," he continued, "the first time in history that such an appointment has been offered a woman; but, new times, new customs. And," he added simply, "we know that you can do it."

For a moment I wondered if I were actually in Serbia, in a country which had been under Turkish dominion for many centuries, Turkish dominion with its ideas in regard to women. Yet here was I, placed in command of a field-hospital with a rank equivalent to that of Major. I accepted!

Our unit consisted of two women doctors, four women nurses, one woman cook, two interpreters, one secretary, and two women orderlies; in addition, a commissariat under-officer, a treasurer, a sergeant and sixty Serbian soldiers were to accompany us. Six motor ambulances (Fords) which had recently arrived from England were added, with their men and women chauffeurs. The soldiers were to be

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used as ambulance men and as drivers for the thirty oxen and horse wagons which would be used as transport for hospital material, tents and stores. The hospital was to be officially known as "The First Serbian-English Field-Hospital (Front), Commandant Madame Stobart," and we were attached to the Shumadia Division (25,000 men).

We left Krugujevatz on the morning of October 2nd. Colonel Guentchitch came to say good bye. We little guessed that we should next meet at Scutari, near the coast, in Albania, after three months of episodes more tragic than any which ever Serbia has ever before endured. I was amused at being told that I was commander of the train, and that no one would be allowed to board it, or to leave it, without my permission. I don't remember much amusement after that.

THE FLYING HOSPITAL MOVES OUT

We went into camp near the little village of Suvadol, near the front. On the evening of October 6th, just after supper, a drab-dressed soldier, an orderly from Staff Headquarters, appeared. He handed me a small, square, white envelope, addressed to the Commander of the column. I opened it and took out a slip of paper; I put my signature upon the envelope as a token of receipt, and gave it to the messenger and he disappeared.

I shall never forget the look of eager expectation on the faces which were illumined by the firelight. "We move from here at five o'clock tomorrow morning." The destination, of course, must not be revealed. Immediately we all set about our preparations. As everyone was new to the work, it was better to do all we could before going to bed. The men were called, and dispensary and kitchen tents and their contents were packed, and also my tent, to save time in the morning.

From midnight to three-thirty A. M. I rested in the dug-out, round the fire, looking out over the dark valley to the invisible mountains. What a silence! Would it soon be broken by a murderous sound echoing through the valley? Were those men, those peasant soldiers in the plain below, al-

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ready rushing to be destroyed, shattered into ugly fragments, by other men—other peasant soldiers—who would also be shattered into ugly fragments soon? Yes, soon, very soon. *Hell would be let loose—in the name of Heaven!*

I rose at three-thirty to ensure that everyone should be on time at his or her own job, and punctually at five o'clock all was ready for the start. With human beings, as with other animals, habit is second nature; whatsoever thing is done at the beginning, that same thing, rather than some other thing, comes most easily at all times thereafter.

Riding horses had been sent up the night before. No one had said that I was to ride, but it was obvious that I couldn't control the column of men and of slow-moving wagons if I was sitting comfortably inside a swiftly moving motor car. I therefore made up my mind that I would ride at the head of the convoy always, and to take the lead in very deed, for better or for worse, and to share with the men the practical difficulties of the road. Congestion of convoys was great in the narrow roads, and progress was slow; we were for hours crawling and stopping, and crawling and crawling and crawling through the town. I realized at once that there would be difficulty in keeping the column together owing to the different paces respectively of the cars, the horses and the oxen. The cars wanted to go fast, the oxen wanted to go slow, and the horses neither fast nor slow; but I determined that first day that as I myself could not go at three different paces, and as I was responsible for the safety of all, we must, by one means or another, keep together. The wagon horse had no objection to going at oxen pace, and the motors compromised by driving on for half an hour, and then waiting, or else by starting half an hour after the rest of us. This plan was adopted throughout, with the result that during the whole of the next three months we never lost any of the convoy.

WITNESSING THE KILLING OF A NATION

Those next three months! Those terrible three months in which we witnessed the killing of a nation! Day after day

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and night after night of flight and fight. By day and night the Austrian-German and Bulgarian guns thundering behind us. By day and night the mad, slow scrambling of a nation fleeing! The roads a mass of men, women, children, soldiers, artillery trains, oxen, horses, great heavy carts, military convoys, peasant wagons loaded with pitiful bits of household treasures—cold, wet, mud, mud, nothing but mud! No food, no rest, but pushing, on, on and ever the guns roaring behind us. Dead and wounded everywhere. Soldiers on the battle fields, women and children by the roadside, horses and oxen wherever they fell. It was indecent, but magnificent. And day by day, the unvarying politeness of the Serbian officials, who always explained that the failure of the Allies to help the stricken nation was due to some unavoidable cause!

The Serbian history is a history of tragedy, but all history has no more tragic record than those three months. On the plains and on the slopes of the inhospitable Montenegrin mountains lie today the bodies of ten thousand Serbian boys, too young to bear arms even in that country, the toll of thirty thousand who joined in the flight. Those black rocks are well adorned. Day after day, the heroic Serbian soldiers gave steady battle to the pursuing Austrians and Germans, fight and yield slowly back, fight and yield back, in a magnificent, vain, hopeless effort to save the country they loved, their farms and vineyards, the homes of their wives and children, their very wives and children and fathers and mothers from the hands of the enemy. Nothing but fight and flight, fight and flight, day in and day out, until Serbia had ceased to exist, save in the hearts of her people, save in the poor remnants now alive of a once proud and flourishing people. Fight, flight, mud, death—that was those three months!

Certain instances stand out in my recollection. It was nine P. M., on October 26, when the order came. Immediately, everything—tents, surgical boxes, kitchen materials, etc.—were packed in readiness for departure. When suddenly, as we were about to start, a batch of fifty badly wounded soldiers arrived in ox-wagons from the battlefield,

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to be dressed. We could hear that the Germans were now close behind us; their big guns were banging ominously, as the wagons discharged their burdens on the ground and disappeared. At once I gave the order for the necessary surgical boxes to be unpacked. The night was cold and dark, and by the light of hurricane lamps the doctors and the nurses set to work and cut away the torn and bloodstained garments, and dressed the wounds of the gory, groaning battered objects who were placed upon the ground around impromptu bonfires, which we made of hay and straw and wood to keep warm.

The order to move came at nine in the morning, and the speed with which the column put itself into marching order was exemplary. Rain was falling in torrents, as we trekked along the muddy road to Bagrdan. Would this place also be evacuated, or should we be able to buy some much-needed articles of clothing there? But from the first moment of retreat, during the next three months, we never entered a town or village that had not been either just evacuated, or that was not about to be evacuated, for the enemy. Houses deserted, shops shuttered, all eyes, as it were, closed, that they should not see the scenes of sorrow as the fugitives fled in silence through their streets; that they should not witness the galling spectacle of that triumphant entry of the enemy. Evacuation meant, of course, cessation of all means of communication with the outer world. During three months we were without letters, or news of any sort from home. Powers of mind, soul, body, were all concentrated, driven inwards, on the tragedy in which we had literally a walking part.

THOUSANDS OF UNOFFENDING PEOPLE CRUSHED

Another night, a night of rain and storm, comes to my mind. It was a world of shadows, and of dreariness, of wet and cold. And never for a moment had the sounds ceased, of the creaking of wagons and the squish, squish of oxen-hoofs pressing glutinous mud. Sometimes my horse would stumble, in the dark, over a flock of sheep that was being driven with a convoy for the purposes of food; or a scared

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and tiny shrew mouse, absorbed in its own affairs, would dart across the road and escape death by a miracle. I looked behind me and saw only darkness and sorrow, confusion and columns. Thousands of unoffending people were suffering heartache, separation, desolation; and, as the guns reminded me, thousands of brave men were, a couple of miles away from us, facing at this moment a murderous death. How could I help asking myself where, in all this hell, was God?

. . . . . .

Remarkable, indeed, was the dignity and orderliness with which, from start to finish, the retreat of the Serbian army was conducted. And the silence! Hour after hour, day and night after day and night, week after week, thousands upon thousands of soldiers, trudging wearily beside their slowpaced oxen, or with their regiments of infantry, or driving their gun-carriages, or as cavalry riding their horses—in silence. No laughter, no singing, no talking; the silence of a funeral procession. For the retreat in which we took part was the retreat, not only of the Serbian army, but of the Serbian nation. This meant that thousands of women, children and old men, driven from their homes by the advancing enemy, were, in ever-increasing numbers, as we progressed southwards, adding to the difficulties of the safe retreat of the army. Wagons filled with household treasures—beds, blankets, frying-pans, even geese, slung head downwards at the back of the cart, or balancing themselves with curious dignity upon the uneven surfaces of indiscriminate luggage; a look of pained astonishment on their faces, at their rude removal from their own comfortable pastures. Or, more frequent and more painful still, wagons filled with little children; the oxen, weary and hungry, led by women, also weary and hungry and footsore.

I saw one woman, dragging by the rope, two tired oxen drawing a wagon in which were eight small children. I saw a tiny boy leading two tiny calves, which were drawing a tiny cart containing a tiny baby who was strapped to the cart. I saw a woman, evidently not wealthy enough to possess a cart and oxen of her own, carrying her two babies, one on her

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back and one in front; and, in one of the crushes, which frequently occurred, the baby on her back was knocked off by the horns of a passing ox.

GIGANTIC CRIMES EVERYWHERE

As I rode on through the black dark another night, among this suffering host, in rain, in wind, in cold, in storm, deafened by the roaring of the guns which reverberated from rock to rock all through the defile, thoughts, though not consecutive, had a fierce intensity. The thought dominant in my mind was the irreligion of the world. Crimes—the most gigantic crimes—were triumphant everywhere in Europe, and the exponents of religion were silent. For prayer is smoke unless it is determination, and religion is only sentiment if it is divorced from action. "Thy will be *done*," is the ideal prayer. It is largely because we are taught that we have no power to help ourselves that we tumble into crimes of militarism. To leave ourselves in God's hands is often an excuse for idleness, and the result is that we find ourselves in the hands of a war-lord. Autocratic government is giving place to democratic government, on earth. If the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, the King of Heaven must be there too, reigning not in solitary glory, in empty space, but within each one of us. The fate of human kind, while this war lasts, is in the balance. The fight between the Allies and the Central Powers is not merely a struggle between one form of civilization and another; between a society which believes in full-blown militarism, and a society which believes in a milder form of militarism. There is more than that at stake. The struggle is between militarism and human evolution. Europe is in travail—the travail preceding the birth of a new race. We pray God that the birth might not be stillborn. For fear of this, and for this reason alone, deliverance must not be prematurely forced. The Central Powers, the arch exponents of militarism, must be vanquished. The war-mongers have an advantage over the peace-mongers; they don't talk, they act; the peace-mongers don't act, they talk; and until their talk is translated into action, they will be ineffec-

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tive in conquering war. It's no use sweeping, unless you get rid of the dust.

One night later, as we crawled across the historic field of Kossovo, the moon revealed one picture of dumb and hopeless misery never to be forgotten. Apart from our funeral procession, nothing living, not even the famous blackbirds, had been visible during mile after mile, mile after mile, in all the wide expanse, till, at a turning of the road, I saw a hundred yards to our left, standing up to its fetlocks in the snow, abandoned because it could no longer pull, a lean bay horse. It was too weak to move, and it knew that if it lay down it could never rise, but must succumb to a lingering death from cold and hunger; so it stood, staring into nothingness, knowing that no help could come.

And then began the fatal flight through Montenegro. I cannot describe it. The first stretch was one continuous strain. We reached Dresnick, our first long halt, after three days. Though I had been eighty-one hours without sleep or rest, I was quite fresh and untired, and the only inconvenience I had felt was from occasional fits of sleepiness when nothing important had to be done.

One picture will give the entire flight. The word road is a euphemism for the river of mud into which we immediately plunged; indeed, all day long, we met no road, but journeyed over ploughed fields, bogs, now covered with snow, rivers, mudbanks and stickhills. My horse was continually over its knees in mud, and was growing weaker every hour; but it was necessary to ride up and down the column, through the slough of mud, whenever this was possible, without getting legs broken against the wagons and hard wooden packs, to watch that when a wagon stuck or broke and had to be left, that the load was not thrown away, but was distributed amongst other wagons whose drivers strongly resented extra burdens. Horses fell and their riders were thrown into the slush; wagons overturned and were then, with their contents, destroyed as the quickest remedy. The road was one long pandemonium.

Into the land of Montenegro, the land of the Black

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Mountain, which already threatened precipitously to bar our way, we must now force an entrance. Our first path, about two feet wide, ran through a thick wood; I went first and led my horse, for, though there were plenty of men to lead it, I guessed that I should be better able to sympathize with the difficulties of the road if I had to overcome them myself first. Roads had now ceased. And even the tracks were only those which had been trampled by the multitudes in front of us; over passes 5,000 feet high, between mountains 8,000 feet high, through snow, ice, boulders, unbroken forest, mud-holes, bridgeless rivers. And always those pitiless mountains, glaring at the tragedy; mountains with steep, snow-covered slopes; gray, bare rock; precipitous shutting out for thousands all hope of return to home and nation.

I will not dwell on the endless torment of the last days of the flight. Almost without pause, for more than the barest necessary rest, we pushed through the mountain passes, day after day, until we came out onto the bleak plains of Albania, and then through the milder Albanian mountains to Scutari, which we reached on December 20, after seventeen days of continuous flight. We had not lost a single member of the convoy, and our work was done.

The War Minister, whom I saw at Scutari, seemed especially pleased with us, because ours was, he said, the only column which had come in intact, without deserters, after a trek which, from first to last, had totaled a distance of about eight hundred miles. They did not, I was humbly thankful to find, regret the experiment of having given a woman the command of a field-hospital column with the active army. I felt happy to think that we had, in an infinitesimal way, been able to give proof of British sympathy with the brave Serbian people in the cause of freedom and idealism; and I was also glad to think that we had perhaps shown that women need not be excluded from taking a recognized share in national defense, on account of supposed inability to suffer hardships incidental to campaigns.

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THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

THE theatrical world is a land of changing faces. Those whose acting we enjoy today disappear from the boards tomorrow and are too often forgotten. Frequently, at the theatre, we recognize in some player a personality that pleased us a few years before. Where have they been? we ask—on the road, "at liberty," or, possibly, in voluntary retirement. Of course, some of the player folk are constantly before us; those who have been fortunate enough to be endowed with physical charm and histrionic talents that hold them constantly on the boards. But it is surprising how fickle the public is. A new face, a new name, and our interest is aroused. While the old favorites hold their niche in our hearts we are always watching for those whose advent will give us a new thrill, a new interpretation of a favorite role.

It may have been this whimsy that brought Stuart Walker into fame when he gave the American stage his Portmanteau Theatre. He was a new figure, and certainly he offered a novelty to a jaded public. However, back of the novelty lay a hidden spring that has never ceased to give forth refreshing waters; and today, when every newspaper and magazine in the country has written its article on "The Theatre that Comes in a Box," and every "near high-brow" Ladies' Afternoon Club has read its paper on Mr. Walker and his Art—Mr. Walker and his art still remain. Why? Because Stuart Walker has given to the American stage a play that we have long waited for—a play that presents and recalls our youth.

I first met Stuart Walker in the days when his production of Booth Tarkington's "*Seventeen*" was the eighth wonder of Chicago, and when I asked him why it was that "*Seventeen*" could play in Indianapolis for two weeks, and fill the whole Middle West with delightful laughter, he smiled

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and said, "Wait." I did not know at that time what "wait" meant—but afterwards, I found that Mr. Walker meant he felt that he had not secured the real stamp of approval on his work until it had passed the acid test of a Broadway hearing.

The next time I had a chance of talking with this youngest and newest of producers, was in the wings of a New York theatre during a performance of "*Seventeen.*" From the front came the delighted laughter of an audience, about us players were waiting their cues and stage hands the ending of the act.

"Well," I said, "you haven't told me yet why '*Seventeen*' is such a success."

"I can, though," he replied. "It is because the play stages Youth in the theatre—because in a year when the nerves of the people are on edge, because of war conditions, they can slip into this theatre and go back to the days of youth and its happy thoughts." He hesitated, and then added, modestly: "Perhaps the play is successful, because I worked very hard for years getting ready for the chance to produce a play like this when the right time came along. I always wanted to produce, to write plays and to act, and I shaped my life so that I would get the best knowledge and be ready when the time came."

Mr. Walker was with Mr. Belasco for six years, and is not at all ashamed of the fact that he started on twelve dollars a week. His advancement, contrary to the rules set down for heroes, was not rapid, though it was not long before he was doing a great deal of actual work.

"Do you know one of the reasons I started to produce plays? It was because I had read '*Gamer Gurton's Needle,*' which is the oldest English farce comedy, and I wanted to see it played. And the same thing was true about my own play, '*Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil.*' No other manager would produce them—so I did, and as they did not seem adapted to the modern stage, I invented the Portmanteau Theatre."

Just what success Mr. Walker attained as a producer is, of course, a matter of theatrical history. He puts the spirit

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of youth behind the footlights, and people from all the corners of the earth gathered to see what he would offer them. It is only two years since he first became a producer, yet he has won an enviable reputation, and we hope (for, after all, one must eat, and nice food is a pleasure) considerable money.

"*Seventeen*" is the simple story of youth in action, affording abundance of laughter, and the so-called bald-headed row is filled nightly—only in this instance, because sixty likes to go back to the days when it was seventeen. It gives a new touch to the stage and erases, if only for a few hours, lines that have grown through the grim battle of existence.

The play is a comedy of adolescent love and the comedy of youth in its aspiration for a dress suit. The seventeen-year-old hero is captivated by the "baby-talk lady" who is visiting next door. She is the unconscious vampire of budding youth when womanhood is just around the corner. She wears fluffy dresses, owns a lap-dog that resembles a mass of cotton waste, and calls him "ickle boy." When "*Seventeen*" sees her he is possessed with the desire to simulate womanhood and needs the dress suit more than ever. Just where he gets the dress suit, and what happens afterwards, makes a capital comedy, for while the play might be termed a tragedy of youth, it is wholesome tragedy, akin to comedy, filled with hearty laughter, from the viewpoint of years.

Gregory Kelly brings the spirit of seventeen to *Willie Baxter*. Mr. Kelly commenced his stage career at the age of ten, playing *Little Heinrich* with Joseph Jefferson in "*Rip Van Winkle*." People who loved "*Rip*," loved the boy, though those who saw *Heinrich* would hardly remember Gregory Kelly. Later he played with Maude Adams in "*Peter Pan*," with Mrs. Fiske, with Otis Skinner in "*Kismet*" and with the Ben Greet players, opportunities from which he built a lasting foundation for good work! Lillian Ross, a nineteen-year-old actress from Mr. Belasco's school, makes *Jane*, the little "tattle-tale" sister; while Judith Lowery, as *Mrs. Baxter* (an ex-Belasco player) shares in the honors in one of the best scenes, the last of the play, in which she tells her son that the little boy in him, which he cannot

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control at seventeen, will later in life help him to meet harder moments than the disillusionment of his first love.

I asked Mr. Walker how he had managed to instill the spirit of youth into the various young actors who play their roles in such true-to-life fashion, and he said—"Largely by leaving them alone. We approached the rehearsals almost in a spirit of play, and too much direction would have made stilted performances."

Rather a revolutionary method—but highly successful.

Clothes and the Man

"Seventeen" is not the only comedy in New York which hinges about a dress suit. *"The Tailor-Made Man"* is another, while *"The Gypsy Trail"* is a third. Together, they might be termed a trilogy with a general title of *"Clothes and the Man."* That they are all three successful, can be accredited to the fact that all three are original, all three have youth in the foreground and all three are portrayed by companies of actors skilled above the ordinary.

"The Tailor-Made Man" is now over a year old. It was tried out early in 1917, and then taken to Boston, where it had a long run previous to the hot weather. Then came a vacation for the players, and in early August opening in New York city, where the play is still running and will probably continue to run until the hot weather, if not through the summer. The next couple of seasons will be spent on the road, for the whole country will want to see this play which is filled with smart Americanisms and is reminiscent of the Englishman's remark, "Americans and Englishmen are both great bluffers, with the difference that the American makes his bluff good."

The comedy is from the pen of Harry James Smith, who also wrote *"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh"* (which Mrs. Fiske played for three seasons) and concerns the adventures of *John Paul Bart,* a tailor's assistant, who grasps the opportunity that he feels destiny has placed in his reach. The opportunity is a dress suit (which the hero "borrows" from one of the customers of his employer, the tailor), and its employment

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reveals one of the best comedies given us by an American author. *John Paul Bart's* story of American nerve under modern social and labor conditions, is unfolded with amazing cleverness.

Grant Mitchell, who has created the part and will continue to play it for several seasons, is a protege of the late Clyde Fitch. He has arrived at his present place in the drama through a series of carefully studied portrayals of typical Americans, and will probably be remembered best for his work in "*It Pays to Advertise.*"

The third "dress suit" play, "*The Gypsy Trail,*" is a simple, charming romance, abounding in light laughs. It is a whimsy—a bit of fluff, and one leaves the theatre with the impression of having watched a summer's sunset, or a field of wild flowers seen through a mist. It tells the story of a conventional young business man, a girl who sings and dreams of the gypsy trail, a lad who has slept under the stars in the far-away places of the earth, and who boasts of the fact that he can cook chicken a la king, scull a gondola, or play the ukulele—and of a grandmother who will not grow old. The play is light, hardly enough plot for a short story, yet to disclose the part played by the dress suit would be to reveal a surprise. The lines are clever and the characters so human and yet out of the ordinary run of stage characters that one almost regrets the falling of the final curtain.

Ernest Glendinning plays *Michael,* the lad who has slept under the stars. Not so many years ago Mr. Glendinning was a musical comedy favorite. Then came his excursion into light comedy, and for the past two seasons he has been playing *Youth* in "*Experience.*" Phœbe Foster, of "*Cinderella Man*" fame, makes a "one girl" worth winning, while Roland Young, as the lover who would ask his grandmother to aid in the kidnapping, and Effie Ellsler, as *Mrs. Widdimore,* the *grandmother,* complete an irresistible foursome of players. Effie Ellsler, who gives a lion's share to the play, was the original *Hazel Kirke* in that famous old drama. Arthur Hopkins, who staged the play, has provided it with one of the most satisfying out-of-door scenes that I have ever

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seen. It is a section of the veranda of a wealthy man's home and it looks the part.

Three Late Plays and Four Capable Actresses

Harry James Smith is both clever and lucky, for as he himself admitted over the luncheon table, luck plays a large part in success. He has two plays in New York which are playing to capacity every night, "*The Tailor-Made Man*" being generally considered to be the most substantial play, from a business standpoint, in the city. The other, "*The Little Teacher,*" was first shown early in February, and is a delightful little rural comedy drama, in which some people of familiar New England type do some life-like things, and in a manner not always shown in modern drama.

The play is notable as an example of what an author can leave to the imagination of an audience. What other authors have made their "big" scene, Mr. Smith has made occur between the acts. He has drawn some interesting types and given some surprises. He introduces his hero, first, in the light of a near-murderer, and then shows that he is a man very much worth while. In the end, the *Little Teacher* goes away with her hero—to France—and service on the battle-field; she as a nurse, he as a gallant soldier boy. I only hope that they come back and live happy ever after.

George M. Cohan, by the way, is reported to have said that the play would make half a million dollars. After hearing the audience laugh—it certainly seems possible, for it is the laugh that brings the highest price this season.

Mary Ryan, the star of "*The Little Teacher,*" is a young woman who had her schooling in stock companies, and was able, when the chance came, to play light comedy with a deftness that made her a favorite, proving once again that "stock" is the great dramatic school of America. Miss Ryan's last two plays, "*On Trial*" and "*The House of Glass,*" have been of a more serious nature, and it is pleasing to see her in a comedy drama. Curtis Cooksey, who plays her hero, is also a stock graduate.

Laurette Taylor, who, by the way, is another graduate

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of our great national school of acting—stock (Miss Taylor told me that not very long before she had her first chance with one of the biggest producers, she played "*Camille*" one week and *Topsy* in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" the next)—announced over a year ago that she was going to stay in New York city for two seasons, building a repertoire so that she might tour the country. She has carried out her promise, and is now in her fourth production, "*Happiness*," by her talented husband, J. Hartley Manners, who has written all Miss Taylor's plays since "*Peg*."

"*Happiness*" tells the story of a little milliner's assistant, and how she wakens a sense of love and duty in the hearts of a man and woman to whom she delivers a hat, revealing the theme of the play, the happiness that comes through love and service. It is a charming vehicle for Miss Taylor's quaint gift of humor and pathos, and she is supported by a company, the majority of whom have been playing with her since she opened her season in 1916.

Another of our most capable actresses, who has played too rarely in the past few seasons, is Margaret Anglin. She is playing "*Billeted*" at present, and has been appearing at Carnegie Hall in a series of matinee performances of the great Greek dramas that she has given in the open-air theatres of the universities. Her modern play is a war-time comedy, of a domestic misunderstanding—scene, England—and it is like so many of the successful plays of the season, very light as to texture, and its appeal is largely due to its perfect presentation.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, too, has been building a repertoire, though she has been less happy in her choice of plays. Her first production was "*Camille*," which was made into a modern drama by Edward Sheldon, the author of "*Salvation Nell*" and "*Romance*." It was not a pronounced success, though it was interesting, and now Miss Barrymore is appearing in "*The Off Chance*," a smart English comedy, in which she plays the mother of a grown-up daughter whose happiness she is able to insure. Miss Barrymore has grown

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very thin, by the way, and as "*Camille*" looked lovely, with a blonde wig covering her rich, dark hair.

Musical Plays

It is a rather remarkable fact that the first half of the present season brought with it very few successful musical comedies. One would have imagined that in time of war every manager would have prepared a musical play, feeling that the people would seek light diversions in order to escape the rather depressing news of the day. "*Maytime*" is a sweet, clean musical play, which stages the story of the evolution of an aristocratic New York mansion. It has been running since late summer and there is at least one company of excellent players showing the comedy on the road. "*Jack-o'-Lantern*" serves as a background for Fred Stone's remarkable clowning, and "*Leave It to Jane*" is "*The College Widow*" set to music. All three are bright and tuneful.

Since the first of the year there have been some remarkably good examples of comedy and music. "*Going Up*" and "*Flo-Flo*" arrived at Christmas. "*The Cohan Revue,*" in which George M. Cohan satirizes with comedy and music the plays of the year, came a week later, and since then there have been "*Lady Lady*" and "*Girl of Mine.*" These will be commented on in another issue. They are all substantial successes.

"*Going Up,*" which many cities saw before New York, is "*The Aviator*" with music. It contains at least three tunes that are whistled as the audience leaves the theatre—and has a company able to sing, dance and tell jokes. Frank Craven (who is a playwright of no mean ability) is the chief of the funmakers, while Edith Day, who is new to the stage, and Marion Sunshine from the vaudeville world, are both pretty, and sing and dance with ability above the ordinary. The play is clean and the jokes are many and new.

"*Flo-Flo*" is also a hit, and deservedly so, though for another reason: it is the type of play to which the business man can take his out-of-town customer, and know he will be entertained. There are some lines that are suggestive and

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there is a great display of lingerie, but it is not a salacious play, and will probably be extremely popular in college towns where young America sows its wild oats. The play serves to introduce a pair of dancers, Arthur Mills and Thomas Handers. They were discovered in vaudeville. "*The Copperhead,*" a drama of the Civil War and now, in which Lionel Barrymore is starred, and Al Jolson in "*Sinbad the Sailor,*" which brings a nineteen-eighteen brand of minstrelsy to the Arabian Nights, are giving the theatre-goer new thrills. The *Copperhead* stirs his patriotism, and *Sinbad,* with the only Al Jolson, delights by a riotous spectacle of pretty girls, startling innovations of the modiste's art, and the all-round whimsicalities of the Jolson minstrelsy.

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FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

By W. S. COUSINS

PERHAPS the most important of the many innovations introduced into American commercial relationships since our entrance into the great war has been the federalization of all the important instruments of trade and commerce. As the conduct of the war is a Federal enterprise, all the prosecution thereof must be directed and controlled by a centralized bureau, which in this instance is the Federal Government and the Administration leaders.

The first and most important step in this direction was the taking over of the railroad and certain steamship lines, under a guarantee of satisfactory operation not only from the standpoint of public welfare, but also from that of the stockholders' pocketbook. Now we have Federal control and oversight of our food supply, our important domestic and foreign business transactins, and even our daily income—for the Federal Government stands ready to exact a tribute from every working man who earns from $1,000 to $2,000 net per year.

While there is no disposition to criticize violently the changes which are now taking place, it is manifest that some of these revolutionary innovations will be good and beneficial in their results, and others may develop tendencies which will prove to be inimical to public welfare. Already the cry of the agitator is heard in favor of Government ownership of public utilities, of whatever sort. It is to be hoped that in the light of experience, however, that which is proven beneficial will survive and that which shows itself to be mischievous will find its way to the discard.

There are two ways in which the practices and usages laid down by the American Constitution can be changed. There is the first and tardy method of Constitutional Amendment; and second, the simple method of passing an act of Congress for doing something that has never been done be-

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fore, but which the exigency of an unexpected situation makes necessary. Nothing could be more unconstitutional, as the Constitution was understood in 1850, than Government control and operation of railroads; and yet, quite regardless of any question of constitutionality, Congress has adopted Government control of railroads as a war measure, and may, later on, adopt permanent Government ownership.

There will be no amendment of the Federal Constitution, but a simple assumption of power by the Federal Legislature. The American Constitution, which supposedly is a written instrument, is, in fact, no more written than the British Constitution, which is only a collection of precedents; and the British Constitution, which is not written at all, is quite as much written as the American instrument which was adopted by the Philadelphia convention in 1787, and has since been modified by the adoption of seventeen amendments.

STABILIZING "EXCHANGE"

One of the most delicate sections of the international financial mechanism is that which has to do with exchange rates and balances between different countries. The merchant in New York who buys a "bill of goods" in London, is naturally interested in remitting payment in the most convenient and economic manner, and this implies that some method other than the shipping of actual cash to his creditor across the sea must be devised. Thus if A in New York owes B in London one hundred pounds, and B in London owes C in New York the same sum, the most economic method of settlement is for A to pay C the one hundred pounds, B being both debited and credited with that sum. This is the simple element of foreign exchange, and it is obvious that the multiplication of such transactions, if exactly balanced, could be conducted without the shipping of any money across the sea. Foreign exchange institutions and experts have reduced this subject to an exact science and have thus contributed largely to the stimulation of the exchange of commodities between the nations of the earth.

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In normal times, and under normal conditions, the regulation of exchange between foreign countries is a comparatively easy matter, but in times of international rupture, such as the present, it is obvious that the first to feel the effects of the blow is the system then in operation for the exchange of goods and the settling of balances betwen enemy countries. Next comes the interference of trade relationships between neutral nations due to embargoes and losses of shipping, and this seriously impairs the efficiency of established regulations and practices which have been built up as the result of many years' experience.

Thus, as a result of the world war, the American dollar is " worth " much less than its par in the neutral countries of Europe—Holland, Sweden and Spain. That is to say, an American dollar will purchase much less at prevailing prices in those countries today than before our entrance into the war. In Spain, for example, our dollar has been rated at about 76 per cent of par value.

In order to remedy these conditions, or at least to assist in so doing, plans have been perfected in Washington for the organization of a foreign exchange bank, the principal result of the operation of which will be the stabilizing of American exchange and the maintenance of the parity of the American dollar.

Opposition to the measure in high places is based upon the fact that in practically every field of operation suggested for the new organization there are facilities in existence at the present time within the Federal Reserve System. When the reserve banks were put into operation in 1913 they were authorized, among other things, to " open and maintain accounts in foreign countries, and establish agencies in such countries for purchasing, selling and collecting bills of exchange, and to buy and sell, with or without indorsement, bills of exchange or acceptances arising out of actual commercial transactions which have not more than ninety days to run, and which bear the signature of two or more responsible parties; and with the consent of the Federal Reserve Board, to open and maintain banking accounts for such for-

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eign correspondents or agencies." For these functions the exchange bank will be substituted, and that section of the Federal Reserve Act making provision therefor will be either repealed or changed to conform to the requirements of the case.

According to Washington dispatches, the bill authorizing the establishment of the new bank defines its powers and functions somewhat as follows:

To deal in gold and silver coin and bullion at home or abroad; to make loans thereon, exchange Federal Reserve notes for gold, gold coin or bullion, giving therefor, when necessary, acceptable security, including the hypothecation of the United States bonds or other securities which Federal Reserve banks are authorized to hold.

To buy and sell, at home or abroad, bonds and notes of the United States, bonds and notes of foreign Governments, and bills, notes, revenue bonds and warrants, with a maturity from date of purchase of not exceeding six months, issued in anticipation of the collection of taxes or in anticipation of the receipt of assured revenues by any State, country, district, political sub-division or municipality in the continental United States, including irrigation, drainage and reclamation districts—such purchases to be made in accordance with rules and regulations prescribed by the Federal Reserve Board.

To purchase and to sell, with or without its indorsement, bills of exchange, arising out of commercial transactions as hereinbefore defined. . .

To establish from time to time, subject to review and determination of the Federal Reserve Board, rates of discount and exchange and commissions for the opening of credits at home or abroad, to be charged by the foreign bank for each class of paper which shall be fixed with a view to accommodating commerce and business.

To issue bank notes and receive Federal Reserve notes upon like terms and conditions, as now provided for the Federal Reserve banks.

To open credits at home and abroad for accounts of domestic and foreign banks or bankers, to facilitate exports and

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imports to and from one foreign country to another foreign country.

Upon the direction and under rules and regulations prescribed by the Federal Reserve Board to establish branches and agencies in foreign countries for the purpose of facilitating commerce with the United States.

No bank, banker, corporation or individual, other than the foreign bank, shall sell dollar balances at less than gold par except as payment for merchandise imported into the United States without the express authority of the Federal Reserve Board.

One of the working portions of the bill is a provision that whenever the balance of trade in this country with any other country is in our favor and the American dollar is below par in such country, no bank or banker in America would be permitted to sell foreign exchange or transfer, indirectly or directly, credit balances from the United States to such countries except against actual merchandise or goods in transit until the American dollar is restored to par. This provision may be changed in later drafts of the measure.

While leaders in Congress agree that the present emergency makes the establishment of this additional mechanism necessary, it is, nevertheless, intended to make it a permanent institution, and not to limit its duration to the period of the war.

THE STOCK MARKET

There are two methods by which investors (or speculators) make their selection of securities in the stock markets. The first is by the process of careful and discriminate investigation of intrinsic values, based upon official and statistical reports of net assets, operating expenses, current profits, dividends and future prospects; it is also necessary to consider "liquidating" values, in the event of unexpected cessation of operation of all or any part of the properties. Only a small percentage of ordinary mortals follow this method, however, but prefer the simple and easy process of buying on the advice of a "friend," or in following a lucky "tip" or

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" hunch "; or they become enthused over the fake reports of " big orders," which the professionals ingeniously cause to be circulated when it suits their purpose, and buy " at the top."

Those who are contemplating stock purchases at the present time must consider that many of the principles which held good two years ago, or even one year ago, are not at all applicable to present conditions. Our munition plants, for example, are not now manufacturing for foreign Governments at fabulous prices, but are turning out their products in defense of America. Prices, though higher than during normal conditions, do not permit of profits on the scale to which the average imagination has been educated, and even if they did, the " tax man " will get the surplus either as surplus profit tax or as corporation income tax. In the following paragraphs is presented some reliable data concerning a few of the important industrial shares which are now inviting the attention of investors:

United States Steel: At current quotations around $95 a share, United States Steel common yields over 17 per cent on the investment. With earnings running at double the present dividend rate of $17 per annum, with tangible assets equivalent to $196 a share on the common, with the Government adopting a favorable attitude toward big business, and finally, with peace in sight, the investment value of Steel common is palpable.

The greatest strides of the Steel Corporation have been made in the last nine years. From 1909 to 1916, inclusive, United States Steel added to its surplus a total of approximately $538,000,000, equivalent to more than $105 a share on the common. When final figures for 1917 have been compiled, this surplus will in all probability exceed $120. Since organization, up to the third quarter of 1917, United States Steel accumulated a total surplus of $694,130,073 after all charges, including common dividends, and after deducting $230,000,000, estimated war taxes for 1917. This surplus is equivalent to $137 a share on the common. It has been reinvested in property or added to working capital. In 1901 the corporation had a capitalization equal to $179 per ton of finished steel capacity, compared with only $89 at the present time.

The United States Steel Corporation now has a bigger production than all the steel companies of Germany combined. It is supplying the United States Government with 75 per cent of its needs. Although doing the greatest business in its history, the re-establishment of peace, which would mean an unrestricted steel market and the elimination of burdensome war taxes, should bring increased prosperity to the corporation.

Midvale Steel: It is estimated that the net earnings of Midvale

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Steel for 1917 will be about $20 per share above the excess profits tax. Current market quotations are $46 per share.

In the likelihood of peace, Midvale Steel is undoubtedly entitled to widespread consideration. This is because the company's business embraces but very few war orders, and it may be, therefore, regarded as a peace stock. The company is a large producer of finished steel parts and it is only a question of labor and machinery equipment for it to take care of its orders. Its business has been on an ascending scale for months, and it has more orders on its books than at any time in its history. It is estimated that Midvale will be called upon to pay an excess profits tax of $10 per share on its $100,000,000 stock. On December 31, 1917, it was estimated that its working capital was between $70,000,000 and $75,000,000. As a result, its cash position is of the best.

Anaconda Copper: At around $61 a share, prevailing quotations of Anaconda Copper, the stock is yielding about 14 per cent per annum. The present dividend rate is 17 per cent, on par, including extras. Current earnings of nearly $13 a share represent an earnings yield on the present market price of the stock of more than 21 per cent.

The statement as to present earnings is based on estimated earnings for the year of $30,000,000. While this seemingly does not compare favorably with net earnings of last year of $50,828,373, equivalent to $21.80 a share, it is nevertheless a truly remarkable showing when it is considered that the management was confronted this year with labor troubles which greatly reduced production, and that it will have to pay the Government excess profits taxes of about $4,700,000, or about $2 a share.

Sinclair Oil: When the Sinclair Oil Co. issued its report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, it showed that the total income was $12,890,444, which left a balance available for dividends of $8,798,212, equivalent to $7.38 a share on the outstanding capital stock. Recently the earnings for the quarter ending September 30, 1917, were made public. They amounted to $3,219,347, compared with $3,075,336 for the preceding quarter. After deducting Federal income and excess profits taxes, estimated at $335,087, net income after depreciation was $2,654,669 net for the quarter ended June 30, 1917. These earnings are equivalent to at least $8 per share per annum on the outstanding capital stock.

When earnings for the year ending June 30, 1918, are published they should show an income far in excess of that for the last fiscal year. This belief is predicated on the record-breaking prices for crude and refined products now being paid, which bid fair to continue for some time to come, and on the increased revenue that will be derived from improvements now nearing completion. These improvements, which involve an outlay of $10,000,000, consist of the construction of a pipe line from the Oklahoma and Kansas fields to Chicago, a distance of 800 miles, and the erection of three new refineries at Whiting, Ind., Kansas City, Mo., and Madison, Iowa.

New York Central: New York Central is one of the stocks which promise to be a great beneficiary of the Government's control of railroads. If the Government's guarantee in regard to compensation is finally approved by Congress, as it is generally believed it will be, it

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will mean that the net operating income after deduction of operating expenses and taxes, will be equivalent to a trifle less than 12 per cent on the outstanding stock. The recent severe weather has seriously interfered with the operation of the company's cars, particularly in New York, but the damage resulting has not been of a serious character. Due to foresight in the purchase of necessary equipment before the present high prices were established, it has been estimated that the company has saved $108,703,874. While its income from passenger traffic has shown a slight falling off in consequence of the inhibition on public travel, the receipts from its freight business have more than offset this. The extraordinary business pressure growing out of the demand for munitions, foodstuffs and other materials for export produced the largest traffic in the history of the road in 1916. It is said that these conditions still obtain and show no evidences of diminution.

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

We shall soon be in the midst of the campaign for the third Liberty Loan, and the country calls for the unqualified co-operation of every loyal son and daughter in order to make the loan a big success.

The United States, with financial resources greater than at any previous time, is equal to the present emergency. The present situation is quite different from that which existed prior to the time of the first issue of Liberty Bonds. Then, the great mass of the people who are not possessors of large amounts of capital, were not accustomed to bond investments, either public or private, and the percentage of bond buyers in the country was very small.

That first effort to change the habits of the American people produced very substantial results and went far towards effecting a revolution in the character of the average American. The first and second Liberty Bond issues were the best-advertised financial undertakings in National history, and as a consequence receivers of salaries and wages whose surplus cash does not reach large figures got into the habit of buying Government securities.

Thanks to these very useful campaigns of education, Americans who cannot be regarded as well-to-do, but who nevertheless are intelligently thrifty, at once saw that these Liberty Bonds were emphatically the very best investments in sight. For this reason, as soon as the new bonds are put

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on the market, the demand for them will be instantaneous and universal.

This does not mean that all other investments in the country will be thrown to the winds, because any mad rush of that kind would spell disaster for the United States and the fundamental common sense of the American people will be an absolute guarantee against any indiscretion of that character.

REDUCING CAR CONGESTION

A gradual clearing up of railway congestion throughout the whole Eastern district, hastened and aided by the greatly improved transportation conditions, is indicated by reports received by Director General McAdoo from operating representatives. Car congestion, on December 31, amounting to approximately 96,500 cars, has been reduced to 65,000 cars at the present time, it was reported. However, this number constantly is being further decreased as weather conditions become more favorable. Taking advantage of the present weather conditions, Government operating directors are rushing large quantities of grain and other foodstuffs from the Central and Western producing fields to Eastern markets. In reports received by the Director General it was said that all efforts are being turned in this direction at present to overcome any possibility, however remote, of a food shortage in Eastern territory during the next few weeks.

WAR FINANCE CORPORATION

Bankers and business men, as a whole, will offer no united objection to Mr. McAdoo's plan for a War Finance Corporation, the function of which will be to supply increased credit for war operations. Under normal conditions the possibilities for inflation which such an organization offers would be the subject of lively criticism, but these are war times and every warring country has been compelled to adopt inflationary measures of one kind or another. Its chief value will be in its ability to provide for the needs of business borrowers who must have more than short-term accommoda-

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tions. Ordinarily they would get these from the capital market, but funds there are now all needed by the Government. Consequently, this plan is intended to supply about $4,500,000,000 of such new credit. It has got to be obtained somewhere, and the best plan is to endeavor to perfect the organization proposed by Mr. McAdoo on the most businesslike basis, instead of opposing it as a project to print paper money, which it is not. All loans made by the War Bank are indorsed by other banks who have loaned on good collateral to their customers on obligations due in note more than five years, and against these the War Bank is expected to advance only 75 per cent.

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NEW BOOKS

By CHARLES FRANCIS REED

"Great Possessions"—and Three Popular Novels

In his introduction to "Great Possessions,"* David Grayson calls attention to the fact that it is ten years since "Adventures in Contentment" was first published. He explains that the first Adventures were written with no thought of publication, but for his own enjoyment, and he adds that what he has written since that time has been largely the growth of little notes written in chance moments, "on the roadside, in the woods, or at home."

Such a statement makes one wonder if writing for one's own enjoyment is not productive of the most satisfying work, both to the author and the public. Too many of our modern day writers think of their manuscripts in terms of dollars and cents, so many words written, so much money earned. Does it have a good effect on the novel? Would it be possible for them to make even more money because of better work if they wrote for their own enjoyment—and so put their true selves into the book? Surely no writer has given his readers more satisfying volumes than David Grayson, and he frankly says that he has written for his own amusement.

"I have tried to relate in a form somewhat veiled," I am quoting again from the introduction, "the experiences of that elusive, invisible life which in every man is so far more real, so far more important, than his visible activities—the real expression of a life much occupied in other employment."

And how admirably he has succeeded, in "Great Possessions." The Great Possessions, as may be easily guessed, are those good gifts that have come to us from our Creator, nostrils so that we may smell the well-flavored earth, and taste that we may know the sweetness of its fruits—as well as the joy of sight, and sound, and touch. I do not know how

*"Great Possessions," David Grayson. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.30 net.

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others will feel about Mr. Grayson's essays, but to me the reading of the book was as a week-end spent away from a busy office desk out in the rolling hills where every breath is filled with life-giving air. The book is a great companion for the end of a tired day; it will let you walk the woods and fields. You can feel the breath of spring, you can smell the earth, and scent out the Indian camp as did Grayson's deaf father—or should you wish more activity you can go trespassing on James Howieson's land. If you prefer, you can meet a "Woman of Forty-Five"—or better still attend the "Auction of Antiques," which to my mind is the best of all the essays.

It's a book worth owning, and I can heartily recommend it to all those who have known the calm and joy of a summer's day, and would know it again, if only through the printed page.

On the jacket of Larry Evans' new novel, "His Own Home Town,"* the publishers call him America's most promising young author, and while it is hardly possible to believe everything that publishers say about their authors (they have to sell their wares and can be forgiven a little exaggeration)—in this case I am inclined to believe that there is no overestimation. Larry Evans is a promising young author, and if he keeps up the careful work that he has started he will not be long in attaining an enviable place among the best writers of American fiction. Certainly he is virile, and certainly when the editor of a magazine of such quality as the *Metropolitan* uses three of his stories as serials they must have a drawing capacity—for after all editors want circulation more than anything else.

"His Own Home Town" tells of a young fellow who is the stepson of a fashionable clergyman in a New England city, and incidentally the nephew of the town's leading character. The boy, however, does not follow the precepts of his elders. He wants to write, and he feels that he must know life if he is to write about it. So instead of keeping his feet

* "His Own Home Town," by Larry Evans. The H. K. Fly Co. $1.40 net.

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on the straight and narrow way that leads to social recognition in Warchester, he makes Hanlon's Hotel his headquarters, and is known as the friend of several characters not supposed to be entirely within the pale.

To tell the story of his adventures would be to spoil a couple of hours interesting reading for someone, so I will refrain; but I cannot help mentioning the fact that the three great episodes of the book are witnessed by a commercial drummer, who makes poignant comments on what he sees. It is rather a deft touch, and as small details count, it is on such passages as these that those who have watched Mr. Evans' work base their belief that it is only a question of time before his stories leave the strictly popular class and become fiction in its very highest form.

"The Major,"* by Ralph Conner, was sent to me some weeks ago and I frankly confess that I placed it on a far shelf in the bookcase and forgot to read it. However, as it is a book that should have no passing vogue, but should last as an example of Ralph Conner's work, it is not too late to talk of it now. The story as "The Sky Pilot" and the rest of them, is laid in Canada, and it carries Larry Gwynne through boyhood, and school days, to college, to the frontier, and all in the days of peace. Then came the war, and with it Larry's battle, and his final enlistment. "The Major" is not so much of a story as it is a realistic picture of Canada and the making of those Canadian soldiers who have shown the world that no man has come from a finer mould than they. As a chronicle the story should find a lasting place with Mr. Conner's other novels. Ralph Conner, by the way (He is Major Charles E. Gordon when he is signing personal letters and not novels) has been on the Western Front since the war began, serving as Chaplain to the 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Canada.

Helen Huntington, who will be remembered as the author of the interesting "The Sovereign Good" has written a new book which she calls "Eastern Red."† It is the story

* "The Major," by Ralph Conner. George H. Doran Co. $1.40 net.
† "Eastern Red," by Helen Huntington. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

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of two women, both married, whose lives are outwardly vastly different, but whose personal problem is almost identical. The action is brought about by the methods of relief which each seeks when conditions become intolerable—and the drama of unrest, the rebellion against old traditions, and the weight of established standards and habits, is told again. The book is well written, interesting, and while not a startling volume can be classed as good reading.

A Volume for Vacationing

March may seem early in the year to plan a vacation, but so many men and women worked under pressure during the past winter that before the hot weather comes glaring upon us they may think it wise to slip away from the city and find mental and physical refreshment in the open.

To those of you who are in the East, and ask—" yes, but where shall we go? " I can recommend the Adirondacks. No pen has ever truly pictured the beauty of these mountains in the spring of the year. As late as May the snow is not gone from the sheltered hollows, even though a dozen feet away the wild flowers are in blossom. And such flowers—violets of every color, trilliums, adder tongues, the jaunty Jack-in-the-Pulpit, anemones, arbutus, ferns unfolding their fronds of brightest green. The nights will be cold, but the mid-day sun will blister, and the air is like wine. Folks of the field and forest are not afraid in May—I have had squirrels, that a month later will run when you are a hundred feet away, come so close that you can touch them; while even the more shy folk do not scamper away at such a mad pace. And the birds are everywhere.

All this apropos of " The Adirondacks,"* by T. Morris Longstreth. The book is written as a personal narrative by one who must have spent considerable time in the mountains, and have fallen completely under their spell. There are many interesting bits of history, and plenty of legendary. The author writes with the view of interesting those who do not know this part of America, and anyone contemplating

* " The Adirondacks," by T. Morris Longstreth. The Century Co. $2.50 net.

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even a short tour through the Adirondack Mountains will find some helpful knowledge in the new book. To those who have gone over the trails it will mean the renewing of an old acquaintanceship.

F. P. A.—and Some Verse

Now that it is no longer possible to pick up the morning paper and read "The Conning Tower," it is a pleasure to find the best of Frankiln P. Adams' verse included in a new volume which he has called "Weights and Measures."* Mr. Adams (or F. P. A., as he is more popularly known) is essentially a master of satire, and he has taken some of the best known authors and their works, and given them an essentially modern and humorous paraphrase. I do not presume to lay additional laurels on Mr. Adams' brow; he has so many friends and so many admirers, that he must have a perpetual headache from the wreaths he already carries, but for the benefit of those who are not so familiar with his work as others of us (perhaps I ought to say right here that I was not a contributor—he never printed a darn thing I sent him), I recommend the book. If only there were several more thousand words allotted to this department I should quote some of the verse, a lot of it perhaps, but then the publishers would grow angry and say I spoiled the sale of the book. It's a laughable volume.

There have been several interesting anthologies recently, among them "The Book of New York Verse,"† edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong has arranged the verse, which is from the pens of some of the best known poets of this and former days, so that they follow an historical chronology. The verse, of course, is as of varying nature as are the subjects treated, but it is cosmopolitan—and reflects the greatest city of this continent. There are also some sixty or seventy illustrations, many of them reproductions of old drawings, and they lend an added interest to the volume.

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* "Weights and Measures," by Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00 net.

† "The Book of New York Verse," by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

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"The Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917"* is a yearly volume edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Mr. Braithwaite has taken what he considers the best verse of the year and included it in one volume to which he writes an interesting introduction. At the end of the volume he lists the poetry that has appeared in the leading American publications during the year, also notable books of verse, and a biographical index of poets whose work is quoted in the volume. It is an interesting volume, but like all such anthologies it raises the question whether any one man, no matter how talented, is capable of choosing a list of the best verse of the year. And what of the little heart poems that are so constantly springing up from the country papers? Mr. Braithwaite has ignored all verse not published in "American Magazines." Surely the newspapers deserve some credit—for much of the verse they carry is worthy. At any rate the volume will interest those poetically inclined, and it carries with it the conviction that Mr. Braithwaite has tried to be a just judge.

"The Poets of the Future"† is another anthology, this time selected from college verse written during 1916 and 1917. Much of this verse is highly interesting, and it is pleasing to note that many of the young people who were contributing verse to college papers only a short time ago have reached the distinction of having their verse appear in current publications.

It is rather remarkable that Edna St. Vincent Millay is not better known for her verse. I have noticed one or two of her poems in magazines, but whether she has made her output so limited that it has not attracted wide attention—or whether it is that for some unknown reason editors have not recognized her worth, I cannot say. "Renascence,"‡ her new volume of verse, shows her to be a writer of more than common skill and policy. She has an emotional sense that

* "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917," by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard & Co.

† "The Poets of the Future." A College Anthology. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D. The Stratford Co. $1.50 net.

‡ "Renascence," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. The Century Co. $1.00 net.

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is interesting and is never trite, but needs to watch her work that it does not become morbid. Her lighter poems, such as "Tavern" or "An Afternoon on a Hill," are charming.

Some Volumes of Varying Interests

Bruce Barton has made it his habit to write a weekly editorial for *Every Week,* of which he is the editor, and frequently these very entertaining sketches stand prominently as the most interesting feature of the magazine. Fifty of these editorials, probably at the request of regular readers of the magazine, have been collected and brought out in book form under the title, "More Power to You."* They are wisely chosen, and as a volume show Mr. Barton to have a keen sense of appreciation for subjects that might be termed "live," and filled with Americanism. The book is decidedly worth while.

Another small volume, and one of rare interest, is "Who's Who of the Chinese in New York,"† by Warner M. Van Norden. The frank purpose of the volume is to interest the people, and especially the press of America, in the importing of Chinese farmers to the United States, so that these men may through their undeniable skill "turn the fast ebbing tide of our field productiveness." The author shows that the Chinese farmers can raise an average of forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, while the American farmers are raising only 11.9 bushels on the same space. Mr. Van Norden is not at all in favor of importing unmarried, illiterate coolie labor, but he does feel that some of the better class Chinese farmers might be able to help in the very vexing question of food. The book contains some interesting data and comments, and as if to prove the worth of the Chinese, Mr. Van Norden has given a short biography of the successful Chinese in New York City, as well as listing their social and business activities.

A war-time volume is Granville Fortescue's "France

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*"More Power to You," by Bruce Barton. The Century Co. $1.00 net.

†"Who's Who of the Chinese in New York," by Warner M. Van Norden. Published by the author at 62 South St., N. Y. C. 50 cents.

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Bears the Burden"*—one more author's testimony to that bravest of countries, to the men and women who managed in that Miracle of the Marne to stop, with an army that was almost a mob, the forces of the Hun who had been in training for forty years. Mr. Fortescue says in his closing chapter:

"When democracy rises triumphant from the struggle with despotism, and when the last page of war history is written, the world will gladly acknowledge its debt to France."

It is very true, but it does not seem that France will have to wait for the world to acknowledge what France has done. We know today, we knew years ago, and I'll guarantee that even the military party of Germany knows—that France saved the world from Prussianism.

The book is well done, and as all war books, interesting.

"A History of American Journalism,"† by James Melvin Lee, head of the New York University School of Journalism, is a thoughtfully prepared volume that will appeal to all those editorially inclined. It is, I believe, the first volume of its kind that has ever been published, and it must have entailed a tremendous amount of work. The result is satisfying. It is a book for the serious reader, and as such will be welcomed.

"English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians,"‡ collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil Sharp, is an interesting volume for those who are interested in music, while "The Exceptional Child,"§ by Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, an authority on children and their educational problems, tells in detail the problem of the child who is "different." As a text-book for parents and teachers it is of exceptional value.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS NOT INCLUDED IN THE ABOVE REVIEW

"His Daughter," by Gouverneur Morris. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

"Aliens," by William McFee. Doubleday Page & Co. $1.50.

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*"France Bears the Burden," by Granville Fortescue. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

†"A History of American Journalism," by James Melvin Lee. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

‡"English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," by Campbell and Sharp. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

§"The Exceptional Child," by Maximilian E. P. Groszmann. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

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"The White Morning," by Gertrude Atherton. F. A. Stokes & Co.

"The U. P. Trail," by Zane Grey. Parker & Bros. $1.50.

"Over There and Back," by Lieut. Joseph S. Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

"The Girl From Keller's," by Harold Bindloss. F. A. Stokes & Co.

"Christ; And the World at War," edited by Basil Mathews. The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

"Mexico; From Diaz to the Kaiser," by Mrs. Alec-Tweedle. Geo. H. Doran & Co. $3.50.

"The Tree of Heaven," by May Sinclair. The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

"The Biography of a Million Dollars," by Geo. Kibbe Turner. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

"The Prisoner of War in Germany," by Daniel J. McCarthy, A.B., M.D. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.00.

"The Bag of Saffron," by Bettina von Hutten. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

"The Hope Chest," by Mark Lee Luther. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

"Home Vegetables and Small Fruit," by Frances Duncan. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.40.

"Kitty Canarie," by Kate Langley Bosher. Harper & Bros. $1.00.

"Hill Tracks," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan Co.

"A Diary of the Russian Revolution," by Capt. James L. Houghteling. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"War Flames," by John Curtis Underwood. Macmillan Co. $1.35.

"Adventures and Letters," by Richard Harding Davis. Edited by Chas. Belmont Davis. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

"The Flying Teuton," by Alice Brown. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"The First Call," by Arthur Guy Empey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

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